

LOSS OF THE GERMAN PIRATE U 29

The Daily Mirror

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No. 3,563.

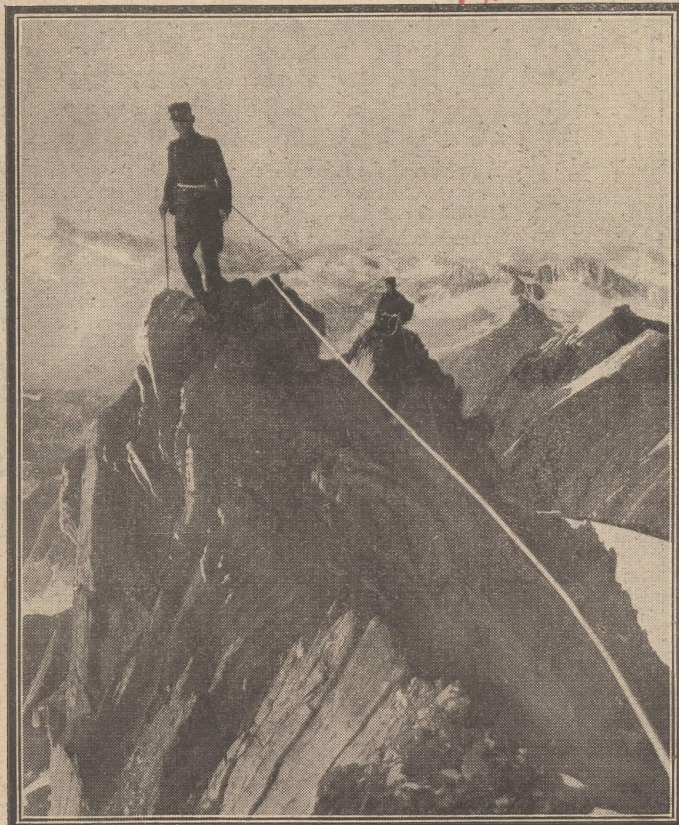
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16 PAGES.

One Halfpenny.

IF THE TREATY BREAKERS SHOULD COME: SWITZERLAND'S GALLANT
LITTLE ARMY ON GUARD AMID THE MOUNTAIN PEAKS.

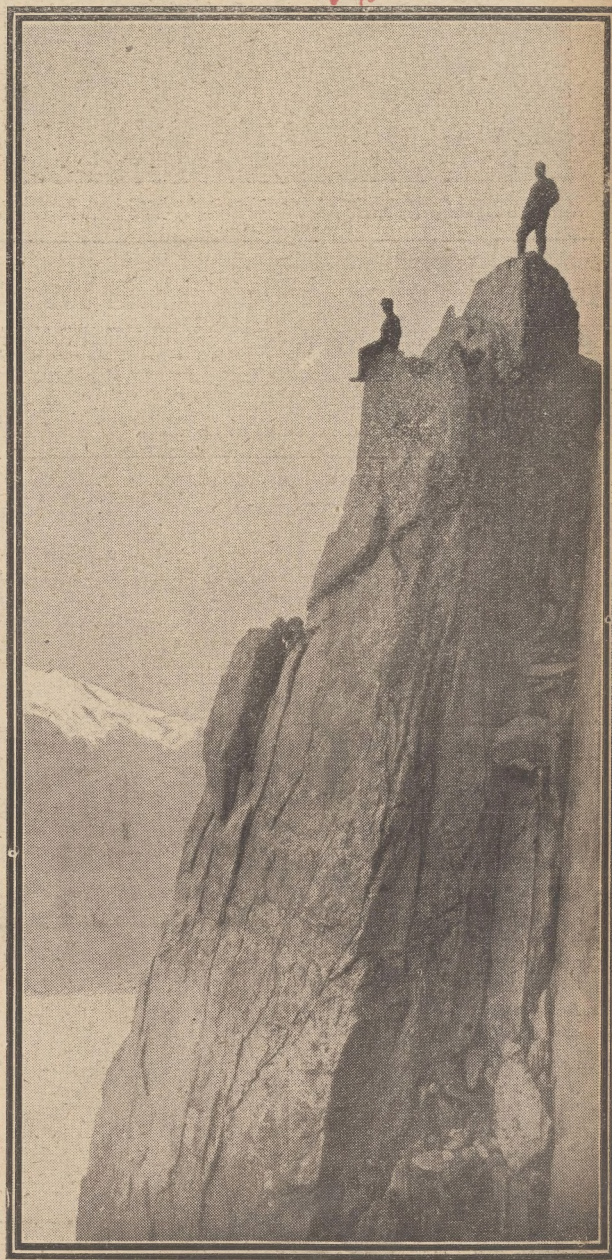


Officers' patrol in the mountains. The men have to be roped together. 9.70



Patrol on the Blindenhorn. The soldiers are on skis.

A very large part of the Swiss Army is still mobilised, and when one section is demobilised another enters upon active service. The little Republic does not mean to allow her neutrality to be lightly violated, and is prepared for all contingencies. News



Monarchs of all they survey. They are on the Callina.

is now arriving more regularly from France and Great Britain, and is doing much good in counteracting the masses of pro-German literature with which the country was flooded during the earlier stages of the war.

MOTORS AND CYCLES.
GENTLEMAN'S 1914 Model de Luxe Cycle, fitted with B.S.A. 3 speed gear, latest improvements, gear case, & accessories, new last September; reason explained; cost £4 15s.; approval willingly.—58; Cambridge-st, Hyde Park, London.



MARIE CORELLI

on

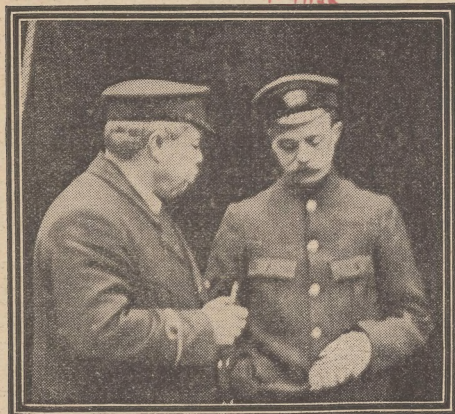
A Woman's View
of the War.

A most brilliant Article.

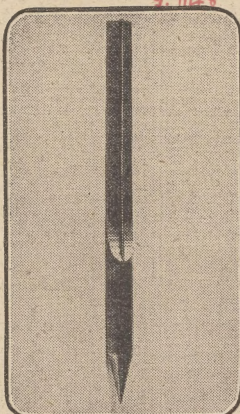
SUNDAY·PICTORIAL

Out on Sunday.

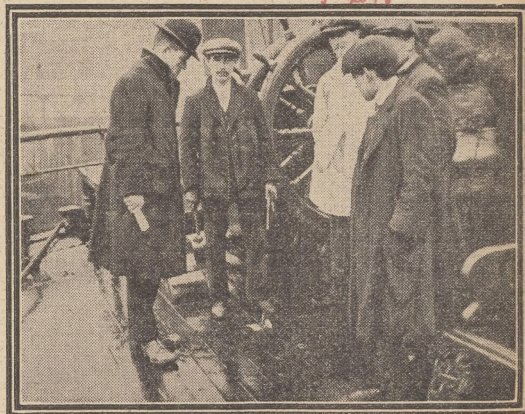
STEAMER ATTACKED BY DARTS, BOMBS AND GUN: DAMAGE, ONE SMALL HOLE.



Mr. J. Finnis holding a dart.



Type of dart used.



The ship's carpenter fills up the hole.

The Teal, a small cargo steamer, was attacked in the North Sea by a Taube, which dropped bombs and arrows and fired twenty rounds from a machine gun. Result:

One small hole in the deck from a dart. Mr. J. Finnis, the chief mate, showed clever seamanship, and avoided the missiles.

SENTRIES AT A FAMOUS MOSQUE.



Two British sentries on duty at the Citadel in Cairo. The famous mosque of Mehemet Ali is seen in the background. The Turks set out to reach the city, only to be hurled back.

SHELLS WRECK NIEUPORT'S CHURCH.



Nieuport's beautiful church completely wrecked by German Huns. The Belgians have few churches left intact, but where possible they worship amid the ruins, and large and devout congregations attend the services.



WAR TO THE KNIFE—AND FORK

Mr. Bottomley's
Very striking
Article in

Next Sunday's

SUNDAY·PICTORIAL

"LEAP TO YOUTH" ALL BY YOURSELF.

London's Version of "Panther's Leap"—Makes You Slim.

GOOD TEMPER DODGE.

The latest dance is the "Leap to Youth" dance, which is London's version of the "Panther's Leap," now danced in New York.

"It is a dance you dance all by yourself, and thereby means that you dance and piroquette in your own sweet way at home.

Dancing is said to be a splendid thing for keeping people good-tempered, and the "Leap to Youth" dance is prescribed for the plump person who wishes to win back youthfulness of figure.

DANCE FOR THE PLUMP.

Although cartoonists and caricaturists deride the fat man or woman as a dancer, it is none the less true that the plump person is often the lightest of dancers.

Therefore it is most feasible that if the fat woman took to leaping lessons she might "leap to youthfulness" again.

"If I were able I would get an Act of Parliament passed enacting that every girl should be taught ballet dancing," said the principal of a large school of dancing in the west of London.

GOOD FOR THE HEALTH.

"There is nothing better for the health, and the development and preservation of the figure. Moreover, it induces graceful deportment."

Ballet dancing has been known to prevent consumption.

"Dancing is a fine thing to keep people in a good temper," said a woman writer to *The Daily Mirror*.

"I think that the 'leap-to-youth' idea is splendid. It is not, of course, for public performance, but for dancing in one's own apartments.

"I have many times danced myself into a good temper all alone in my room.

"Some people think such a thing is a silly idea.

"I regret now that I often allow the strain of life to prevent me from keeping up my 'aid-to-good' temper practice."

HEROIC FATHER'S FATE.

Gave His Life in Vain Effort to Save His Children from Fire.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

LIVERPOOL, March 25.—A father, who gave his life for his children, and a boy and girl were burned to death in a fire which occurred in a house in Melbourne-place, off Roscoe-lane, early this morning.

The names of the victims are:—Dead: John Fredericks, father, aged sixty, William Fredericks, son, aged twelve, and Lizzie Fredericks, daughter, aged ten; injured: John Fredericks, son, aged fifteen.

The mother was in hospital undergoing an operation, and in her absence the father saw the children off to bed and retired himself at ten o'clock.

At 2 a.m. the kitchen was in flames, and neighbours state that the father rushed out of the burning place.

"When he got outside," said one of them, "he looked up and saw the faces of his three children at a window.

"The father turned round to me and said, 'Oh, what shall I do!' Then he rushed into the burning house and disappeared behind the sheet of flame.

"It was the last we saw of him."

When the fire was out they found his body, charred and black, lying near the entrance to the room where the children were imprisoned. He was only a few feet from them when he perished.

The boy John leaped from the window, and was picked up badly bruised. The police shouted to the other children to jump also, but their terrified little faces showed that they did not understand, and then one at a time they disappeared. We thought the father, who surely was a splendid hero, had succeeded in rescuing them, but now we know."

£1,200,000 TELEGRAPHS DEFICIENCY

A deficiency of £1,211,742 on the working of the telegraph and telephone services of Britain for the year ended March 31, 1914, is revealed in the report of the Comptroller and Auditor General, published yesterday. This deficiency compares with £1,175,347 in 1912-13.

The gross amount received by the Post Office in respect of telegrams, telephone rentals, and fees, private wires and newspaper wire rentals was £10,468,398. The balance of expenditure over receipts totalled £868,034.

GOEBEN REGAINS HER SEA LEGS.

ROME, March 25.—According to a Bukarest telegram, travellers arrived there from Constantinople declare that they saw the Turkish fleet cruising in the Black Sea, the vessels including the Goeben, which has now been repaired.—Central News.

'WHAT THE PUBLIC WANT.'

Press of the Country United in Praise of the "Sunday Pictorial."

WOMEN AND THE WAR.

When you are resting in your armchair on Sunday you will have the opportunity of reading an enthralling article on the great war of the ages from the pen of one of the greatest women writers of the day.

For Miss Marie Corelli, the world-famous novelist, has been kind enough to accept an invitation from the editor of the *Sunday Pictorial* to give "A Woman's View of the War." The article will be a notable contribution to the literature of the day, and is certain to be eagerly discussed all over the country.

The next issue of the *Sunday Pictorial* will be a magnificent number. Apart from special articles from the brilliant pens of Mr. Bottomley, Mr. Barry Pain, and Mr. Austin Harrison, there will be full pages of the latest and most interesting news, and many pages of superbly-printed pictures.

A chorus of unqualified praise from the Press all over the country has greeted the appearance of the *Sunday Pictorial*. From scores of newspaper comments the following extracts are selected:—

The proprietors have evidently understood what the public wanted.—*Westminster Gazette*.

All the arrangements for the production of this new newspaper must have been skilfully planned and carried out with great ability, for it is easy to understand the enormous difficulty of dealing with such a vast circulation at the very outset. The second number is even better than the first.—*Belfast Newsletter*.

Sunday journalism in its presentation of news has not always had the ideal of the home before it, but no such reproach can be levelled at the *Sunday Pictorial*.—*Leicester Post*.

The publisher desires to give one word of warning to the public. There is going to be a greater rush than ever for No. 3, leading in all probability to the disappointment of thousands of would-be purchasers of the paper.

The only way to prevent disappointment on Sunday, writes the publisher, is to give your order to the newsagent to-day.

BRITONS WORK—OTHERS BENEFIT.

Closer co-operation between industry, science and finance was urged at a conference held yesterday at the Mansion House and attended by representative leaders in industry and science both in this country and the Colonies.

Our weakness, said Mr. Frank Warner, president of the Silk Association of Great Britain and Ireland, who presided, lay in the fact that science and industry were not working together to anything like the extent they should, and owing to this lack of organisation much of the valuable work of our scientists had slipped through our fingers and gone abroad, to the enrichment of foreign countries and the detriment of our own.

Mr. J. Taylor Peddie said that in the industrial sphere Britain seemed to be sleeping and not learning the lesson. Those in the firing line should be mobilised for the purpose of studying the working conditions in which British industry operates, and seeing that an improved basis was brought into operation at the conclusion of the war. Their immediate business was to make British industry attractive to British finance.

CATERPILLAR IN SOUP.

Dinner-Table Incident Results in Servant Claiming Slander Damages.

'EIGHT COOKS IN TWO MONTHS.'

A caterpillar that got into the soup played a large part in a case before Mr. Justice Avory yesterday.

Mrs. Amy Owen Hill, a cook, of Ingram-road, East Finchley, brought an action for slander and alleged wrongful dismissal against Miss Lucy Annie Frost, of Arunside, Littlehampton.

Defendant contended that she was justified in dismissing the plaintiff, and stated that the alleged slanderous words were uttered on a privileged occasion.

In opening the case Mr. Flowers stated that the plaintiff was engaged as cook by the defendant for a boarding-house at Littlehampton at a salary of £35 a year. She took up her duties on July 9, when she cooked the breakfast, and was complimented by the defendant.

For the dinner she cooked soup, fish, meat, two vegetables and two sweets for more than ten people. The only complaint was that there was a caterpillar in the soup. This was due to the fact that when the dishes were carried from the kitchen to the dining-room the soup came in contact with certain plants in the hall and also on the small dining tables.

On July 10, after breakfast, defendant called the plaintiff into a room and in the presence of a Miss Byerley, made the statement now complained of.

When I engaged a lady cook it was to protect myself from drink. I have had eight cooks in two months. I find you are exactly the same. You did not know what you were doing yesterday afternoon. You were perfectly confused and you are not going to spoil another dinner for us, so after you have had some breakfast you can pack your things and go away. If it is not drink it is drugs. We have proof of it.

Plaintiff was paid 4s. and discharged.

Questioned as to the caterpillar incident, she said she thought the insect came from some flowers which she was asked to smell by Miss Byerley. There were many of them in the garden, where there were yellow marguerites and cabbage.

Mr. Flower: Had you anything to drink?—No, it was 50deg. in the shade.

She also denied taking drugs as she always slept very well.

The hearing was adjourned.

DRY BREAD ALL THE TIME.

"Dry bread all the time and not nearly enough of that," is the food provided for British captives at Saltan, Hanover, according to a letter received by the wife of a man in the 1st Cheshire who is interned there. He writes as follows:—

"I received your parcel, and it is going all right. I had nothing for two days when I got it. The coffee was all right, but the sugar was gone, and we had to drink it without. Since we have been captured we have not tasted butter, still less margarine. You eat what bread you get in one day, and then starve for two.

"The 'fags' I got from — went fine, for they keep the hunger off a lot. If you send a parcel of soap, I shall be glad to put in plenty of soap, for it is terrible to be without food."

"I hope you get this letter all right," the writer concludes, "for they are down on us English."

THE KING LOSES CUP OF COFFEE.

Comedy of Urn That Wouldn't Work at Soldiers' Buffet.

ROYAL SURPRISE VISIT.

The King paid a surprise visit yesterday morning to the free refreshment buffet for service men which has just been opened at Liverpool-street Station.

When he called he was on his way to a town "somewhere on the east coast," and on entering the buffet, accompanied by Admiral Sir Colin Campbell, he found it crowded with soldiers and sailors.

Most of them were eating cake and bread and drinking tea or coffee at the time.

At once cups and eatables were put down and the men drew themselves up to attention.

But his Majesty soon made them feel at ease. He turned and chatted with them, and smilingly inquired of several who had just arrived at Liverpool-street on their way home on leave from the trenches, how they felt after their experiences.

The King then turned to Major Gordon Lennox, to whose efforts the institution of this free buffet at Liverpool-street Station is due, and began to display a very cheerful interest in the arrangements that had been made.

WANTED TO SEE EVERYTHING.

He examined the dishes on the counter, went behind to chat with the voluntary staff of women workers who were giving their time as cooks and waitresses, and had a peep into the cupboards filled with eatables.

Then followed an incident which caused some discomfiture to the women behind the counter.

The King had accepted an invitation to take a cup of coffee, and when one of the amiable waitresses turned to fill a cup the coffee urn, to her alarm, refused to work.

For several minutes the King stood easily by the counter waiting for his cup of coffee.

But the steam boiler remained stubborn and absolutely refused to work.

The discomfiture of the waitresses increased and the King, noticing it, cheerfully accepted the situation with one or two smiling remarks, and so quickly restored their equanimity. His Majesty had to go without his cup of coffee, but so soon as he departed the coffee urn came to its senses and began to pour out coffee again.

CITY'S FATAL DARKNESS.

Increase in Number of Street Accidents Due to Absence of Lights.

That the great increase in the number of street fatalities in the City and Southwark is due to the want of lights in the streets was the opinion expressed yesterday at an inquiry by the City Coroner.

"The large majority of cases," he said, "occur at night time.

"I am not, however, complaining of this, and none of us can do so, because we do not want bombs dropped on us, and the authorities are looking after our lives by their action."

Quoting from Home Office returns as to the number of fatal and non-fatal street accidents, and pointing out the large number that were due to mechanically propelled vehicles, the coroner remarked:—

"They say it is less expensive to kill people outright than to injure them, because in a civil action they obtain considerable damages, but in a case of death there did not seem to be so much to pay."

As to the number of accidents, the coroner said the City seemed to have got off comparatively lightly, and they had to thank the police generally for that.

No police in the world could compare with the City police. They were always looking after the safety of the people, and when he sent any recommendations they were nearly always followed by some action.

PARLIAMENT'S LEASE OF LIFE.

When Parliament reassembles the Prime Minister, it is stated, will be closely questioned as to the intentions of the Government regarding the next appeal to the country, which in the ordinary case of events is due to take place under the provisions of the Parliament Act before the end of the present year.

It is believed that the question has been the subject matter of discussion at recent meetings of the Cabinet.

The idea of holding a series of contested elections now is regarded in political circles as out of the question.

KEEPING THEIR HAND IN.

ROME, March 25.—A message from Durazzo states that on Tuesday the insurgents fired about a dozen artillery rounds at the town, wounding four persons, one of them seriously. The town replied to the fire, which thereupon ceased.

Yesterday morning the rebels, hidden among the hills, opened fire with their heavy guns and shells, three of which hit the palace of Ezzed Pasha or burst in the adjacent square, but only caused slight damage.—Reuter.



Next Sunday's
Amazing Pennyworth
SUNDAY PICTORIAL
PAGES and PAGES of
EXCLUSIVE PICTURES and
ALL THE NEWS.

TWENTY BOMBS DROPPED BY BRITISH AIRMEN ON NEW "U" BOATS

One Submarine Destroyed and Another Badly Damaged in Raid.

IS GERMAN STAFF NOW LEAVING BRUGES ?

Huns Reported To Be Preparing Huge Effort to Smash Through Allied Lines.

FRENCH HURL BACK SEVEN HEAVY ATTACKS.

Considerable damage has been done by the British airmen who raided the German submarine base near Antwerp.

Lieutenant Crossley-Moates, who landed on Dutch territory near Krinngen, has given an account of his adventures.

According to a Central News telegram from Amsterdam, he said that he, with four comrades, left Dunkirk at 5.25 a.m. in foggy weather.

They had orders to fly to Hoboken, near Antwerp, where they dropped altogether twenty bombs on Cockerill's shipyard on the Scheldt. They saw smoke rising afterwards.

One submarine, it is said, was destroyed and another damaged.

A great effort to break the Allies' lines is now being planned, it is reported, by the Huns in Belgium and France.

There is a statement, too, that the German staff is retiring from Bruges to Eecloo.

AIRMEN RAIN MORE BOMBS ON GERMANS.

British Pilot Scouting Near Bruges—Attack on Aerodrome.

AMSTERDAM, March 25.—The *Telegraph* states that the Allies' airmen have dropped bombs on the aerodrome at Gits, near Roulers, and upon a body of soldiers at Saint Andries, near Bruges. At Gits several soldiers were wounded and sheds were damaged. At Saint Andries some soldiers were killed and wounded, but the number of casualties is not known.

Another aeroplane was reconnoitring yesterday over Zebrugge and was fired upon without, however, any result.

The same paper also reports that there is a great German movement on the road from Bruges to Eecloo—that is to say, an eastern direction—and many Uhlans have left for Eecloo.

A British aeroplane was seen yesterday over the latter place.

It is rumoured that the German staff has removed from Bruges to Eecloo, but there is no reliable statement to confirm this report, which, of course, mean a retiring movement.

COURT-MARTIALED AND SHOT.

It is, however, a fact that a number of staff officers have arrived at Eecloo and are quartered in the castle.

The correspondent says the German Land-sturm in this district are very dejected. Strange rumours are being circulated among the population, and many are prepared to vouch for the following statements:—

A number of German troops, who recently declined to go to the front, were court-martialled and shot in the ancient castle of Gravenstein at Ghent.

A coffin enclosed in a silver shell has been sent from Bruges to a place not named. It contained the body of an imperial prince.

It has been already stated that a German prince was killed during the fighting at Neuve Chapelle.—Central News.

ONE SUBMARINE DESTROYED.

AMSTERDAM, March 25.—Writing on the subject of the British air attack on the shipyards at Hoboken, where the Germans are building submarines, the Antwerp correspondent of the *Tyde* says it is certain that two of the airmen did considerable damage to the submarines lying on the slips and to the workshops.

One boat was completely destroyed and others were seriously damaged, but the Germans prevent details being known.

The bravery of the British airmen has won them the sympathy of the inhabitants of Antwerp. The Germans opened a terrible fire on the aeroplanes, and as the weather was very misty the airmen must have found great difficulty in evading their aim.

The British did not drop bombs on the town, but cruised around above the works, and it is extraordinary that the Germans did not hit them. Some shells landed within the town, all of them from the German guns, though the Germans are

U29 REPORTED SUNK WITH ALL HANDS.

Admiralty's Announcement Last Night of Fate of Another Sea Pirate.

The Secretary of the Admiralty made the following announcement last night:—

The Admiralty have good reason to believe that the German submarine U 29 has been sunk with all hands.

trying to convince the population that the projectiles came from the aeroplanes.

One shell which came down on the Green Place without exploding was obviously fired from a German gun.—Reuter.

7 HUN ATTACKS FAIL.

PARIS, March 25.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

In the Champagne.—There was fairly lively artillery action.

In the region of Hill No. 196, we repulsed three attacks.

In the Argonne.—A German attack at Fontaine Madame failed.

At Les Eparges we repulsed three counter-attacks by the enemy.

There is nothing to report on the rest of the front.—Central News.

PLANNING GREAT EFFORT

AMSTERDAM, March 25.—Considerable military preparations are reported from Nieupoit, where the Belgians gained ground, but were pushed back by the enemy's superior forces.

In military circles the opinion prevails that the Germans will soon undertake a great effort to force the Allies' lines from Noyon to Arras and to prevent our troops in French Flanders from escaping by a quick march to the coast.

As in this case the Allies' troops at Nieupoit and Ypres would make a desperate effort to save the situation, the enemy is reinforcing his front considerably.

Our officers, however, are not uneasy on account of these reinforcements, as our positions at Soissons and to the north are extremely strong and can be easily defended.

Important events may, nevertheless, be expected.—Central News.

The aspirations of Germany are explained by Herr von Richthofen, the German diplomatist, in an interview with a neutral journalist, which was published by the *Echo de Paris* yesterday.

"It is against our principal enemy, the English, that we are fighting," said Herr von Richthofen. "We have offered to make peace with France and Russia. They are wrong to refuse, but that is their business."

"The best thing now is to impose our will by force."

"Once Russia is immobilised—that is all we aim at, not at penetrating into the heart of the Tsar's empire—we shall have at our disposal a million men whom we shall hurl against France in the spring."

CONDITIONS OF PEACE.

"We want to impose peace upon Russia and France on the following bases:—

"The cession to the German Empire of German Flanders, and the return to France of the Alsatian populations of French race, numbering about ten thousand. As regards Metz, we keep it."

"On the Russian side we stipulate for a return to the state of things that existed before the war."

"Such a settlement would, among other advantages for us, have that of permitting us to attack England with equal forces."

"Above all we must establish free communication between ourselves and our ally Turkey, and to do this we must have control of the Berlin-Vienna-Belgrade-Sofia-Constantinople Railway."

"On the other hand, the economic position of Germany will be considerably improved when we hold a clear road to Constantinople."—Reuter.

BOUVET'S CREW CHEER AS THEIR SHIP GOES DOWN.

Last Salute to Flag and Shout of "Vive La France!"

PARIS, March 24.—The following graphic description of the sinking of the Bouvet in the Dardanelles is published here:—

At 2.30 the Bouvet was five miles from the Dardanelles, opposite Fort Dardanos. She had crossed two minefields, and the Gaulois, firing all her guns, was following.

By clever manoeuvring the commander of the Bouvet was able to escape two mines, which were demolished by destroyers, amidst the cheers of the crews, but was struck by a third mine in the neighbourhood of her magazines.

Aware that he was going to death, the commander gave to his men an example of the finest courage, and when the Bouvet went down the staff of the battleship was sent standing to attention and saluting the flag with a unanimous shout of "Vive la France!"

The Bouvet sank by the head, while her propellers made their final revolutions in the air.

Seven of her survivors who had been able to reach a boat spent the night in a bay on the European shore. They were picked up the following day.—Central News.

MORE FORTS SILENCED IN THE DARDANELLES.

Allied Fleet Again Enters Straits and Violently Bombs Turkish Strongholds.

ROME, March 24.—The Athens correspondent of the *Tribuna* telegraphs this morning at ten o'clock that the Allied Fleet entered the Dardanelles and commenced a violent bombardment of the forts.

The Turks replied in feeble fashion, and several forts soon ceased to fire.—Central News.

ROME, March 25.—The Athens correspondent of the *Message* states that the work of sweeping up mines from the Dardanelles has been proceeding satisfactorily, twenty floating mines having been removed between the nights of the 20th and 24th.

The correspondent adds that the Turkish artillery has not fired on the minesweepers.—Central News.

ATHENS, March 23 (delayed in transmission).—It is learned from Tenodas that at ten o'clock in the morning the Allied ships, accompanied by minesweepers, entered the Straits.—Exchange Special.

ROCKET DUEL WITH TAUBE

How a British skipper fought a duel with a German airman, firing rockets to the enemy's bombs, is reported by the Imperial Merchant Service Guild.

The steamer Pandion, whose captain is Mr. J. A. Smith, and whose second officer is Mr. J. F. Adam, was on Sunday last, at 11.25 a.m., midway between the North Hinder and the Gallopers Lightships on a voyage from Rotterdam to Manchester.

A German aeroplane approached the steamer from the westward at a height of about 800 ft. When overhead the airman dropped a bomb, which fell into the sea, carrying away the patrol log-line. The aeroplane turned and circled over the steamer again and two rockets were fired at him. He immediately went to the eastward. Some fifty minutes later the aeroplane returned at a height of about 800 ft. or 1,000 ft. Knowing that he was well out of range of the ship's rockets, he dropped five bombs, all of which fell into the sea.

About twenty seconds later a seventh bomb was dropped. Meanwhile four more rocket distress signals were fired at him, and the captain made use of his rifle.

Having evidently exhausted his supply of bombs the airman flew off to the eastward.



The Kaiser and Tirlitz in Victoria-street. They were destined for Germany but were captured from an enemy and are pursuing the peaceful occupation drawing a London van.

HIGH CANAL FLEET'S DASH INTO BALTIC.

Seven Battleships and Twenty-Eight Destroyers Bombard Defenceless Villages.

CARPATHIAN ADVANCE.

Part of the German High Canal Fleet has actually appeared outside its canal defences!

The North Sea, of course, was not the scene of the German fleet's activity. It ventured only into the Baltic—not to fight, but to bombard some Russian villages.

A Russian communiqué, received yesterday, says:—

Throughout the day of the 23rd a German squadron, consisting of seven battleships and twenty-eight torpedo boats, cruised off the Courland coast, near Polangen, and fired on the coast villages. At six o'clock they disappeared.

Berlin explains that sea forces assisted the land forces in the operations north of Memel, and admits that the warships bombarded the village and castle of Polangen, and kept under fire the road from Polangen to Libau, which is forty miles further north.

BATTALIONS WIPED OUT.

PETROGRAD, March 25.—The following official communiqué is issued here:—

The booty taken at Pzheval is enormous, including 500 wagons, four locomotives and 250,000 lb. of coal.

Near Karakka, on the left bank of the Omuleff, we gained possession of several German trenches, in order to recapture the position. On March 23 made seven fruitless counter attacks. In one of these attacks we entirely annihilated two German battalions and put a third to a disorderly flight.

Near Valko, on the road from Myschinetz to Kozdilo, a little boat exchanged hands several times, and finally remained in our possession. The Germans operating there, being counter-attacked under our machine gun fire on the flank, sustained extremely heavy losses.

In East Galicia our infantry sealed a frozen height east of Angheluiva and took possession of it at the point of the bayonet.—Reuter.

TRENCHES AND HEIGHTS WON.

PETROGRAD, March 24.—A dispatch from Headquarters issued to-night says:—

On the right bank of the Narv, on the front Schkila-Orjitz, including the right bank of the River Orjitz, the fights for the possession of isolated vantage points have assumed a more general and more desperate character.

The Germans, who brought up strong reinforcements here at the expense of their troops on the other points, are stubbornly defending their positions. They subject us to a perfect hurricane of fire and make vigorous counter-attacks with numerous fresh troops.

Our men, however, are making slow, but sure, progress, capturing trenches and heights.

4,000 PRISONERS.

In the Carpathians our troops are advancing. They seized to-day several fortified heights on the front between the roads leading to Bartfeld and Ustka.

Everywhere the enemy counter-attacks were unsuccessful. In the course of the day we captured more than 4,000 prisoners, a gun and several dozen machine guns.—Reuter.

REPRISALS FOR MEMEL.

AMSTERDAM, March 25.—A peculiar view of the Russian invasion of the Memel district is given by the *Lokaleizer*, which says:—

As Memel is without any organic connection with the theatre of war, the Russian attack could only have been made with the object of plundering and persecuting the civil population. This gross violation of international law demanded immediate reprisals. The war levy on the town of Suwalki was at once increased to £10,000. Ten distinguished civilians were seized as hostages, and Grodno was bombarded by airmen.

Other reprisals will also be taken.—Reuter.

RHINOCEROS AIDS FOE.

During the recent fighting with the Germans in East Africa, says the *Weekly Cape Times*, according to a Reuter Capetown message, a company of native troops under British officers were taken out at night by motor-cars to endeavour to cut the Germans off.

Suddenly a rhinoceros charged one of the cars, but missed it by a few inches. Then it turned and charged the next car, knocking it completely over and killing four of the natives.

It took fifty men with knives to overcome the unwelcome intruder. Before it was killed it had put another car out of action.—Central News.

GABRU (East of Luderitzbucht), March 24.—An enemy aeroplane made an attack at 7.30 this morning. It approached by way of the boreholes, which were no doubt the airman's objective, but was unable to get in any effective shots owing to the well-directed fire of our heavy guns.—Reuter's Special.

PALACE OF JUSTICE CONVERTED INTO BARRACKS.



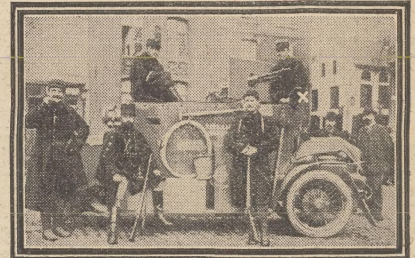
German soldiers lodged in the Court of Appeal, one of the finest halls of the famous Palace of Justice at Brussels. Since occupying the Belgian capital the invaders have used all the principal buildings, including the Town Hall, as quarters for their troops.

WORKMEN'S ENTERPRISE.



Two Motherwell working men named Cartwright, who took to toy-making a few months ago. They have now a large wholesale business.

FIGHTING EDITOR HONOURED.



Mr. Richard Reading, a former editor of the *Sporting Chronicle* (x), who is to be decorated by the Belgians for his work with an armoured motor-car.

SIGNOR SCOTTI TO WED.



Miss Ina Claire and Signor Scotti, the famous baritone, whose engagement is announced. The bride-elect is the American actress who scored a great success in "The Girl from Utah." Scotti once declared "the stage is my only bride," but beauty has made him change his mind.—(E. O. Hoppé.)

WOMAN ASTRONOMER.



Lady Huggins, who has died. She began the observation of sunspots at the age of ten, and was assistant to her husband, the late Sir William Huggins.

A REGIMENTAL ROMANCE.



Miss Winifred A. Stott, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Stott, of Rock Ferry, Cheshire, and Lieutenant Harold G. Alexander, whose engagement is announced. Both Mr. Alexander and his prospective father-in-law belong to the 7th Battalion of the King's Liverpool Regiment.—(Sarony.)

THIEVING HUN EVEN SHOTS A BIRD.



After ransacking a Belgian homestead and destroying what he could not carry away, this German soldier found the only living creature was a canary in a cage. So he shot it with a pistol!

BEDOUINS FIGHTING FOR THE TURKS.



Bedouin volunteers on the way from Jericho to Jerusalem. The Turks have succeeded in stirring up a certain number of these tribesmen, who do not realise that the "Sick Man" has had a fatal seizure.

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, MARCH 26, 1915.

EXPERTS IN SOULS.

PEOPLE GENERALLY fancy themselves to be particularly strong in matters on which they happen to be peculiarly weak: it is a commonly recorded trait. A man who has organising ability and no idealism will conceive himself a poet. Frederick the Great, now haunting Germany, will do for an example. Men with immense creative faculty will believe themselves gifted with sharp powers of observation. Goethe will do for an instance. And the Germans are now seeking to convince us that they fail, if anything, in materialism, succeed in psychology; they know about the soul—they are Platonists amongst the nations. They take the usual method of showing us how much they know by blaming other people for ignorance. Thus the *Cologne Gazette* will have it that Lord Kitchener cares nothing for the psychology of the people he is organising or of the people he attacks in this war.

About that we have nothing to say; but we confess it is amusing to see, in general, this German conviction that they know about the souls of the European races. For if they exhibited any defect more amazingly than another during those fatal preparatory weeks of last July, it was their miscalculation of the quality and power of the spiritual forces arrayed against them. What they thought about the soul of England and the tenuity of the bond between ourselves and our people overseas was that we should first dread a conflict, keep aloof at all costs, or, in the event of joining, that we should at once be a prey of internal dissension and fall to fighting with Ireland, while the Colonies looked on in disdain, or even held out welcoming hands to the German. None of this happened, but the *Cologne Gazette* boasts about psychology. So with Belgium. Did the Germans indeed admit that a physically small neutral nation could have a soul? Well, there might be a chance of it; but it would, they thought, be a soul easily quelled by German brutality. Belgium is spiritually unconquered. Yet still comes the German boast—"We know about the souls of people." And so with France. And so with Russia.

Yet we may without exaggeration put it that all the mistakes—and they were many and vast—made by Prussia at the beginning resolve themselves into one gigantic mistake, into one blunder about the spirit animating those who stood in Prussia's way. This blunder was all the more inexcusable in its ignorance because repeatedly during past years Prussian diplomats have had full opportunity of estimating their moral isolation and of feeling the distrust, the hatred, their bullying methods inspired, even in races like the Italian, grouped by artificial policy with them. But the lesson was not learnt at Algieras, or elsewhere. It has not yet been learnt, since, at this stage, German still thinks herself able to understand that unconquerable spirit in others she thought it so easy a thing to deceive and overcome with the swagger of material force. W. M.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 25.—During the next few days the hardest roses may be pruned. These include the hybrid perpetuals—Mrs. John Laing, Frau Karl Druschki, etc. If the trees are intended for garden decoration they should only be lightly pruned, while long new shoots can be retained their full length and the tips pegged to the ground. But whether the bushes are pruned hard or lightly all dead wood, together with crowded and unhealthy growths, must be cut away.

Roses recently planted, and those set out last autumn, should be pruned to within an inch or two of the soil. They will then start growing strongly. R. P. T.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

"NOT YET THE END."

WE ARE KEPT completely in the dark, perhaps necessarily, concerning the operations of this war. But we can at least see how enormous are the losses in an action comparatively insignificant like that at Neuve Chapelle.

The plan, as we see it, seems to consist in hugely extravagant dashes, with immense numbers lost on both sides. If it goes on, one supposes there will be few able-bodied men left in Britain, France, or Germany. Surely, then, this is no time to cry "Victory!" B. G. Putney.

WINDOWS OPEN.

WILL YOU PERMIT me to say—as a Canadian—that your correspondent, Mr. Walter Carter, is absolutely unacquainted with the

time and tradition are thrown to one side. In twenty months' residence in England I have not been free from bronchitis. C.

THE gallant soldiers who shall have returned from this war will certainly object to going back to work in ill-ventilated places, which produce anemia, low spirits and lassitude by chronic poisoning. The men at the front who now have survived from all through the war are in the pink of health and good spirits. This comes of outdoor life and plain, good food.

The only way to ensure adequate ventilation in factories and public assembly rooms is to have an open space all round between ceiling and top of walls, so that a constant current of very large volume of fresh air blows continually across a few feet above the level of the people's heads, and with such adequate ventila-

THE WILLIES AS WOLVES IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.



Big and Little Willie and all their followers stood out as predatory wolves at the beginning of the war, and plainly boasted of their aims to subjugate the world. Now, as things are not going quite so well with them, they have attired themselves in sheepskins, and are posing as innocents basely attacked.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

principles of hot-air furnace heating? This system is as common to American homes as the "good old-fashioned fireplace" which Mr. Carter considers the acme of perfection in England.

And let me say that the fireplace, once quite as common in America as in England, was discarded simply because a better system was discovered—a system by which pure outside air was drawn in, heated to the desired temperature, moistened, and then distributed evenly through the house.

By this system every room is heated with fresh air (which does not mean cold air) and the colder air is taken out, all this being accomplished even though every window and door should remain closed throughout the whole winter. Your correspondent imagines that unless he can have doors and windows open and "see" the great gusts blowing through the rooms the home is stuffy and poorly ventilated.

Simple application of the laws of gravity—the fact that cold air is denser, heavier than heated air—has completely revolutionised home-life in America. It will do so here one day, when sen-

tion to give up all attempts at artificial heating of such places, the occupants keeping warm by adequate clothing. SURGEON.

FRESH AIR is all very well on a beautiful summer day, but when the temperature is at freezing-point and a blinding snowstorm is raging I would rather have as little of it as possible.

After all, there is much discomfort and suffering which we are bound to endure, and I fail to see why people should go out of their way in order to make themselves even more uncomfortable by pandering to some "fresh air" or other fad. LOGIC.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

I FEEL I must write you a few lines in appreciation of the most beautiful thing in your paper and "A Thought for To-day." Words fail me to express the strength and comfort I derive from each thought.

If only every one of us readers were to try and live up to the ideals set before us we would be happier and better people. (Mrs.) C. BERRY.

NEW IDEALS.

Problems of Birth and Marriage After the Great War.

HAND AND SOUL.

IT IS a striking fact that the large families are nearly always to be found among manual workers, and the small ones among the brain workers.

The development of the brain does not tend to excessive propagation, while the small families are undoubtedly better physically, mentally and morally than the large ones. FAMILY.

BABIES TO SHOOT DOWN.

IT SEEMS to me that those who are feverishly demanding numberless babies are prophets of evil. These babies will not be ready to be soldiers for another twenty years, and are we in this time of stress—mental and financial—to anticipate and be bothered about another war twenty years hence?

Even the Germans, whose thirst for population is most avid, are finding children a little superfluous in these times. Herr Naumann, Liberal member of the Reichstag, in speaking on the food question, said, "Hence self-control in eating is better than patriotic speeches, and every child who dies of hunger dies for the Fatherland." A. B.

A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

IF EVER there was a time when the women of our nation could help the men it is now.

Girls have no idea until too late what a wonderful power and influence for good and for happiness they have in a home if they choose.

Perhaps I have had unique opportunities given me, as, having had entirely to manage my father and his large country house, with five brothers and sisters younger than myself for the last two years, I have learnt that men appreciate a woman who can keep a secret and be absolutely honest and fair to every man.

I am certain that if our part in this struggle was more clearly understood by women many a man would go to his job full of "good cheer." TWENTY-FOUR.

IDEAL MARRIAGE.

I HAVE been much interested in the various letters you have published expressing opinions on marriage and the war, and am glad to see that "Sub Mare" has put into words my idea of a real marriage.

What greater happiness can a wife have than that which she gets from doing everything her love suggests for her husband's comfort and happiness? Is not her reward, his appreciation and the love and care with which he surrounds her? Even if they are separated for weeks or months, the knowledge that she is everything to the one man that matters is enough to ensure peace and happiness, and if a good wife inspires a man to greater efforts, surely a good husband gives his wife a foretaste of Heaven. To think that marriage is simply a bargain lowers it. IDEALIST.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Oftentimes it is not so much the greatness of thy trouble as the littleness of thy spirit that makes thee to complain.—Jeremy Taylor.

LULLABY.

Golden night-air, lull his eyes;
Star-light, come not where Love lies,
Lest your faint light touch his wings
Who swiftly comes and swiftly flies.
Lovers, wake him not with sighs,
But list where Philomela sings
Dreams come tiptoe to his bed,
Dim fantastic wings outspread
To fan his pretty sleeping eyes.
Upon my breast he lies and sighs
(On lilacs white heap roses red,
Hushed in my maiden heart, Love lies
A-sleeping. —EDITH SUTCLIFF.

A NEW COMMAND FOR "OUR HINDENBURG."

G-116611



Field-Marshal von Hindenburg greets the officers of the 2nd Mazurian Infantry Regiment, to the command of which he has just been appointed by the Kaiser. Though his plans have not been working at all well lately, "Our Hindenburg" is still the idol of the Fatherland, and several sausages and sauces now immortalise his name.

SERBIA NEEDS MEDICAL COMFORTS.

G-119142



Typhus is prevalent in Serbia, and the picture shows soldiers who have been brought to the town in bullock-wagons awaiting admission to hospital. Fortunately, the troops are not much affected, but medical comforts are needed.

"WEIGHT OF METAL"—F



Not only is our Army well fed, but it is well equipped in factories are working day and night to supply the Army with the "weight of metal" w

GALLANT PILOT.

P-116956



Lieutenant Harvey Kelly (Royal Flying Corps), who has received the D.S.O. from the King for gallantry.

BRITISH NU



Tending an Indian who v
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A RUNAWAY RAILWAY ENGINE.

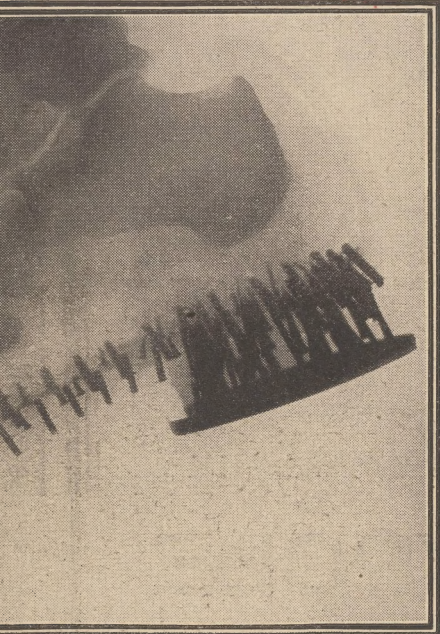
G-104309



Engine which broke down the wall at Ramsgate Harbour Station and nearly reached the main road on the sea front. Greasy rails, it is believed, caused the accident.

NOT FROM NAVAL GUNS.

9-129 F



That the men should be comfortably shod is essential, and they are meant for hard wear, and this X-ray photograph shows the sole carries on his feet.

INDIAN.

9-6110 F



Neuve-Chapelle. The Indians, and are continually asking for another fight.

MR. WILLIAM MAY,

P-7560



The Senior Superintendent of the London Fire Brigade, who is retiring. He began life as a fireman.

THE WAR LORD IS GRACIOUS—SOMETIMES.

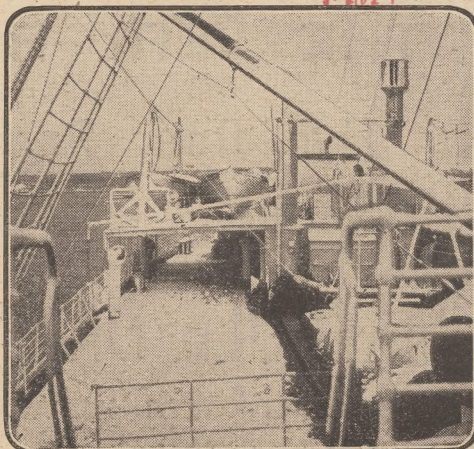
P-121



The Kaiser joking with an officer in the Eastern theatre of war. The picture was taken when the Russians were in retreat, but several events have occurred since then which have probably damped his high spirits. The fall of "Primrose Hill," for instance, must have caused the Imperial smile to disappear very suddenly.

SNOW COVERED HOSPITAL SHIP.

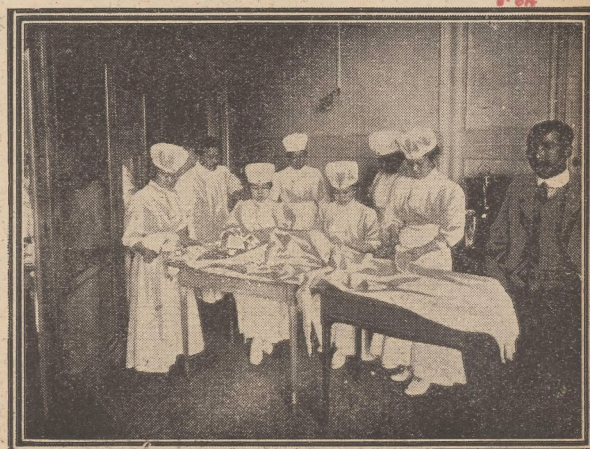
9-8102 T



A wintry scene on board a British hospital ship. The decks are thickly covered with snow, and the picture gives an idea of the bitter weather which our sailors are experiencing.

JAPANESE NURSES IN PARIS.

9-6111 F



Neat little Japanese nurses preparing bandages at the Hotel Astoria, Paris. Our Eastern Allies have a beautifully appointed hospital in the French capital, which is doing splendid work.—(Underwood and Underwood.)

WAR HEROES AND A DOG GO RECRUITING.



Lance-Corporal Rendle, V.C., Sergeant Roberts, D.C.M., and Bob, the mascot from Hong Kong, who are taking part in the recruiting marches in the Truro-Helston district.

HEROIC FATHER'S FATE.

Gave His Life in Vain Effort to Save His Children from Burning House.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

LIVERPOOL, March 25.—A father, who gave his life for his children, and a boy and girl were burned to death in a fire which occurred in a house in Melbourn-place, off Roscoe-lane, early this morning.

The names of the victims are:—Dead: John Fredericks, father, aged sixty, William Fredericks, son, aged twelve, and Lizzie Fredericks, daughter, aged ten; injured: John Fredericks, son, aged fifteen.

The mother was in hospital undergoing an operation, and in her absence the father saw the children off to bed and retired himself at ten o'clock.

At 2 a.m. the kitchen was in flames, and, according to a neighbour, the father, who had been awakened by the fire, went up to the top room and fetched the children down to the next landing, where the flames were raging.

Then he came down himself, believing that they were following him, but they, of course, were unable to see owing to the flames and smoke.

"When he got outside," continued the neighbour, "he looked up and saw the faces of his three children at a window. The father turned round to me and said, 'Oh, what shall I do!' Then he rushed into the burning house and disappeared behind the sheet of flame.

"It was the last we saw of him.

"It was certain death for anyone who went into that house with such a fire raging, and that old man was a splendid hero.

"We hoped they would all jump from the window.

"The boy Johnny leapt off the window-sill, and his clothes were on fire when he came through the air.

"He landed doubled up in a heap, but he was alive when they picked him up, although very badly burned all over his body.

"The police shouted to the other two children to jump from the window, but their terrified little faces showed they did not know what to do. Then, one at a time, they disappeared from the window, and we thought the father had got them. But now we know.

When the fire was out they found his body, charred and black, lying near the entrance to the room where the children were imprisoned. He was only a few feet from them when he perished.

The only unscathed survivor of the Fredericks household was the cat.

BROKE SILENCE TOO LATE.

Defendant Who Failed to Give Evidence Protests Against Jury's Verdict of Guilty.

"I swear, if I drop down dead now, I never ran over that man and killed him. If I had done so I would certainly have gone at once to the police. I know nothing about the accident."

This dramatic declaration was made at the Old Bailey yesterday by John Day, a taxicab driver, when he was found guilty of the manslaughter of Mr. Robert C. Thompson, a retired Civil servant, of Bradfield Hall, near Reading, who was killed by being run over near the National Gallery on the night of Sunday, February 7.

"I have no doubt about the verdict," said Mr. Justice Low, in passing sentence of twelve months' hard labour.

Day called no witnesses and did not go into the witness-box.

In his summing up the Judge said it was not advisable usually to put to the jury that a defendant did not go into the box and give evidence, but there were cases in which it was important, and he thought this case was one of them.

The witnesses for the prosecution were said to be inaccurate on matters which the prisoner ought to have been able to speak to.

The late Mr. Thompson was knocked down by a cab which mounted the pavement and then dashed off.

The police inquired for a damaged car, and the only one they found was the defendant's cab. The pieces of glass picked up fitted the defendant's near side lamp, which was broken, and the tyres corresponded with the marks on the pavement.

LITTLE TICH LOSES CASE.

Judgment was given in the King's Bench yesterday against Little Tich, the comedian, who was defendant in an action brought by the Golder's Green Amusements Development Co. for breach of contract in failing to appear for a week at the Golder's Green Hippodrome.

Defendant admitted the breach, and the only question was the amount of damages. It was stated that the defendant was to have received £150 for a week's engagement, and in case of his failure to appear—except from illness or accident—the management should receive from him in liquidated damages a sum equal to what he would have received, in addition to costs, and expenses incurred.

Counsel for the plaintiffs said that the parties had arrived at the amount for which the judgment would be asked for by the plaintiffs, and that was £103 12s., with costs. The Judge gave judgment accordingly, refusing a stay of execution.

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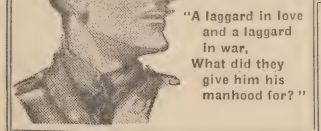
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848 BRANCHES NOW OPEN.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour. By RUBY M. AYRES.



"A laggard and love and a laggard in war, What did they give him his manhood for?"

New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, an easy-going young fellow who has allowed himself to become slack.

SONIA MARKHAM, a charming girl who abominates cowardice in any form.

LADY MERRIAM, a good-natured soul, who manages introductions into society.

FRANCIS MONTAGUE, Chatterton's rival for Sonia. He limps through an accident.

RICHARD CHATTERTON is dozing in his club-room. He is not really a slacker at heart, but he hadly won't rouse himself to do his duty. Just lately his lazy serenity has been ruffled by one or two little disturbing incidents. One of them is particularly concerned with the charming girl he is engaged to—Sonia Markham.

His reflections are interrupted by the sound of voices. From a chair he sits low down in an armchair, Richard Chatterton cannot be seen. He recognises the voices of old Jardine and Montague. "Why doesn't Dick Chatterton go to the front?" old Jardine is saying.

"Dick's a slacker and always will be," replies Montague. "He's not likely to rough it in the trenches when he's got an armchair at home and a heiress with £20,000 a year waiting to marry him. He doesn't care two straws about her—it's only the money he's after. . . . After a few more words they go out."

Richard Chatterton is staggered. Did they think he was afraid to go out? He is shaken with a variety of emotions. Finally, he goes off to Lady Merriam's, with whom Sonia is staying.

Sonia's pretty face looks at him in a curious way. The only question she asks is for the latest news of the war. The happiness with which she used to greet him has gone. For the first time Richard wonders if she, too, believes that he is marrying her for her money. There is a little scene between them.

Ruffled and very angry, Richard leaves the house. He thinks of Montague; he will have it out with him. But Montague is not in, and Richard sits down to wait.

While he is waiting he overhears a message on the telephone from Sonia to Montague. She tells him that she is finished with Chatterton, and that she will marry him.

Richard is staggered, but when he goes to Sonia she is at heart realising what he is losing. Sonia, however, is not. Montague's influence about him, breaks off her engagement with him.

Richard Chatterton disappears from the circle of his friends, but old Jardine finds him. To his delight, Richard is dressed in khaki! The latter explains that he has put in for active service and that he is off to the front as soon as possible. Old Jardine is made to give his word that he will say nothing. Sonia becomes engaged to Montague.

Individually old Jardine lets out to Lady Merriam that Richard has enlisted. A week or two later Sonia sees a pretty nurse and a man all muffled up in a taxi-cab. "The nurse turns his head and looks at her—it is Richard Chatterton."

Sonia pretends to take no notice, but she is very much upset. Old Jardine finds her in a private hospital. He says he was wounded straight in the trenches, but not badly. He is going out again as soon as he is able.

Montague also sees Chatterton with the pretty nurse walking in the park, and he at once tells her of it. "The nurse turns his head and looks at her—it is Richard Chatterton."

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"I thought everyone knew . . . I—er. . . . His eyes fell before Sonia's clear gaze. Young Courtenay sat down again. He was very red in the face still beneath old Jardine's rebuke, but there was an air of delighted victory about him. He felt that he had got one back against this man who had cut Richard out, and that it had been worth everything.

The dinner came to a rapid end; it was Sonia who deliberately changed the conversation; she was by far the most composed of them all; only when it was ended, and Courtenay rose to open the door for the ladies, she looked up at him with a little quivering smile. He caught at her hand with boyish impulse. . . .

"Sonia . . . I'm—I'm frightfully sorry. . . . The words were almost a whisper, but she heard them; she returned the pressure of his fingers.

"It's all right," she said.

There was a small drawing-room leading from the private room where they had dined. As soon as the dividing door had closed between them the little newly-wed wife burst out tactlessly.

"How perfectly lovely about Mr. Chatterton having enlisted!" she had no idea, had you, Sonia. We all thought he was rather inclined to show the white feather."

Lady Merriam sat down heavily on a spindle-legged chair.

"The world is full of fools," she remarked rather vaguely.

Sonia was kneeling on the rug, holding her hands to the fire. It was a warm evening, but she shivered.

She felt as if she were moving in a dream, as if the whole evening had never really happened save in her own imaginings.

Mrs. Newly-wed came to where she knelt.

She did not quite understand the situation, but she was something behind it all—something from which she was being excluded.

"So you're really to be married," she said with a little giggle. "I am so glad. . . . you know I used to be a little bit in love with you. . . ."

Sonia looked up at her. There was a sort of far-away expression in her eyes; she seemed to be looking back from a great distance before she answered.

"Did you . . . oh, yes. . . ."

She hardly knew what she was saying. Lady Merriam came to her rescue by asking for some music. Mrs. Newly-wed had no more voice than a sparrow, but she believed she had. She loved warbling love-songs with one eye on Mr. Newly-wed. She rose with alacrity and went over to the piano.

She struggled through a couple of stupid songs about partings and broken hearts before the men joined them.

Montague went at once to Sonia. His face was pale and anxious; he had endured tortures during the last fifteen minutes. Everybody had seemed to avoid speaking to him—or was it his imagination? He bent over Sonia agitatedly. . . .

"Are you angry with me? . . . if you only knew how sorry I am. . . . I don't know what drove me to make such a fool of myself. . . ."

She answered him gravely—even with a little smile.

"I am not angry. Why should I be?"

He felt as if an enormous weight had been lifted from his shoulders. He sat down beside her with a sigh of relief.

Young Courtenay was standing with his back to the fireplace, staring straight before him beneath his frowning brows. Lady Merriam touched his foot gently with her pointed slipper.

"For goodness sake, sit down; you look like a poor, pale angel of something."

She spoke in an undertone; when he obediently took the chair next to her, she went on—

"You quite spoil my little dinner-party, but I'll forgive you; I even think I rather love you for it. . . . Sonia had no idea, you know."

He did not answer; he felt self-conscious and rather unhappy. In spite of old Jardine's efforts the evening dragged horribly; Lady Merriam was playing a Chopin sonata; conversation was quite possible under cover of the music.

"Must you really—so sorry! . . ."

But she was smiling broadly when she came back to where old Jardine stood.

"What am I to do, or say?" he asked.

He looked across the room to where Sonia sat at the piano, with Montague at her side.

"Oh stay," said her ladyship promptly. "At least, don't go. . . ."

Sonia was playing a Chopin sonata; conversation was quite possible under cover of the music.

"What do you suppose she'll do?" old Jardine asked.

"She took it very quietly, I thought. I know what is at the back of her mind; there's something more than we guess."

"She may tell me, when you and Francis have gone. . . ."

But Sonia had no confidence; asked no questions; she kissed Lady Merriam good-night and went off to her own room as soon as the men had left; she sat down by the fire and leaned her face in her hands.

For a long time she sat there without moving; she felt very tired; mentally tired—as if she had reached the end of thought, and as if she had no more.

Richard Chatterton never was the figure of a man.

She had thought him a coward; she had almost told him of her thought, and now he had been out to the front, and come back wounded, and she had not known. . . .

It seemed so strange; and yet—somehow it hardly mattered.

No doubt to marry another man, and he thought of the pretty nurse with whom she had seen him in Regent-street.

No doubt she had seen him in the park. No doubt she had nursed him—no doubt it was due to her care and skill that he was now "nearly well," as old Jardine had said.

No doubt in the end he would marry her; a nurse so often marries a patient. . . . she thought of it dully, and without real emotion. It seemed to matter so little, so surprisingly little.

She did not understand that as yet her heart and brain were dulled with shock, and the bitter jealousy that had come to her and stayed with her since that morning her eyes had met Chatterton's in Regent-street.

No doubt he had been in uniform then, only she had not seen it; she wished she had seen it; she wished she had seen him—just once!

She began to cry softly; she felt somehow like a child that has been unfairly cheated out of some pleasure.

Richard had belonged to her first; it was not fair that now—when he had done the thing she always craved for him to do—she was to have no share of pride in him; that he cared nothing for her approval; that probably he only remembered her as pettish and unkind.

Why had they told her that he had gone to America? Why had they told her that they knew so much better? Had it been his wish? Had he been afraid that she would want him back again if she knew? He no longer cared for her, or he would not have sent back her poor little letters and photographs. Her cheeks flamed as she remembered that afternoon and the way she had piled them all on the fire and watched them burn. . . .

FACE TO FACE.

LATER she fell asleep in the big chair, where she sat without undressing, and sleeping she dreamed about Richard Chatterton—dreamed that she saw him lying helpless and wounded somewhere; dreamt that she tried to get to him—tried to call to him, but her mouth was dry and there was always something that held her back—something that gripped her arms, and from which she could not break free. . . .

"Sonia . . . Sonia . . ." surely that was his voice calling to her. She struggled again—fiercely. . . . and then she woke; woke to find Lady Merriam bending over her—calling her.

"Heavens! what a fright you've given us!" her ladyship exclaimed almost tearfully. "I thought you were dead until you began to struggle. . . . were you dreaming?"

Sonia sat up; her face was damp with perspiration and she was trembling.

"Oh, I had such a horrible dream!" she said, shivering, and then stopped. How could she tell Lady Merriam that she had been dreaming of Richard Chatterton?

She tried to laugh it off. She rose to her feet rather shamefacedly. The fire was out, and she was cold in her thin evening frock.

Sunshine filled the room. She caught a glimpse of her own white reflection in the mirror opposite.

"I must have fallen asleep in the chair—how silly."

She was awake now, and the first fear of what she had dreamed was slipping away.

Chatterton was in London and alive and well; it was just a too vivid imagination that had prompted her dream.

But his memory clung to her all the morning; try as she would she could not quite forget it; she longed to ask Lady Merriam about Richard, but pride kept her back; she spent a wretched morning; when lunch was over she made some excuse and went out.

She had asked Montague not to come again till the evening; she had wanted just one day to herself.

She had hardly gone a dozen steps from the hotel when she met old Jardine; he was going to call on Lady Merriam, he told her; he seemed ill at ease and anxious to get away from her.

Impulse drove her to speak of last night.

"Why didn't you tell me that Mr. Chatterton had enlisted?" she said, he had gone to America. . . ."

She tried to speak unconcernedly. Old Jardine got red in the face.

"It was Chatterton's own wish; he forbade me to say a word about it. . . ."

I discovered myself; he did it all so modestly; he's only a private, you know. . . . none of your tin-pot commissions for him. . . ."

She might have told me; I should have been interested.

She looked away from him as she spoke, though her voice was quite calm.

Old Jardine rubbed his chin. He was at a loss to say what to say. Sonia made a little movement as if to go on, then stopped.

"It's very absurd of everyone to think that his name must not be mentioned in front of me," she said with a little high-pitched laugh.

"It makes it very awkward."

"Oh—er—yes, exactly!" Old Jardine felt wretched. There was something painful in this in this girl's apparent callousness when he remembered the expression of Chatterton's eyes

(Continued on page 13.)

MOTHER, THE CHILD IS BILIOUS! Don't Hesitate! A Laxative is Necessary if Tongue is Coated, Breath Bad, or Stomach out of Order.

Give "California Syrup of Figs" at once—a teaspoonful to-day often saves a child from being ill to-morrow.

If your little one is out of sorts, isn't resting, isn't eating and acting naturally—look, Mother! See if its tongue is coated. This is a sure sign that its little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with bile and undigested food. When cross, irritable, feverish, listless, tainted breath and perhaps stomach-ache or diarrhoea; when the child has a sore throat or a chill, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the poisonous, constipating undigested food and bile will gently move out of its little bowels without gripping, and you have a healthy, playful child again.

Mothers can rest easy after giving this harmless "fruit laxative," because it never fails to cleanse the little one's liver and bowels and cleanse the stomach, and they dearly love its pleasant taste. Full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups printed on each bottle.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Of all leading chemists, 1s. 11d. and 1s. 9d. per bottle. Avoid substitutes.—(Adv't.)

Dickins & Jones

Reproduction of BADGES Of His Majesty's Forces MOUNTED AS BADGES.

About 150 Regiments in Stock.

Prices of Badges Gilt or Silver Finish, each 2/- Sterling Silver or Silver Gilt, each 5/6 9-ct. Gold, each 42/-

Royal Engineers.

Royal Army Medical Corps.

ALL ILLUSTRATIONS ARE ACTUAL SIZE.

Also mounted on solid 9-ct. Gold Bar Brooch . . . each 8/9

Dickins & Jones, Ltd. Regent Street, London, W.

PERSONAL.

WILL dear wife to me?—Maryst Elsie 22.

YOU, and you only, all life long—Monk J.W.

E. C. B. M.—Return at once! All forgiven. Wire Daddy.

MABEL.—Spenders Agree Sandom, W.V. Traders' Association send beautiful guide free—Henry.

SUB. Mores.—Would write to the Secretary, R.S.P.C.A., 105, Fenchurch-st., London.

TO Soldiers at the Front.—Have you a dog or other pet which you would like sent to the front? Trade Association send beautiful guide free—Henry.

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THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

Mr. Neil Primrose's House.

I was passing through Great Stanhope-street, that wide but short thoroughfare leading from Chesterfield House to Hyde Park, yesterday, and I saw that Mr. Neil Primrose is having his house, No. 5, renovated in preparation for his marriage early in April to Lady Victoria Stanley.

A Welcome Legacy.

This house, together with a considerable fortune, he inherited from his great-uncle, Miss Lucy Cohen. For a younger son Mr. Neil Primrose is exceedingly well off.

Major Lord Louth.

Among the officers training with the Westminster Dragoons at Hanworth Park, Middlesex, I hear, is Lord Louth, now a major in that regiment. But this is not his first experience of soldiering. He used to be a subaltern in the old Wiltshire Militia in his younger days.

Born Afloat.

He was born forty-six years ago on board his father's yacht *Pilgrim*, off Dieppe, hence one of his Christian names—*Pilgrim*—and lost his mother a month later. He is one of the forty-odd Catholic peers, but has no seat in the Lords.

Husband and Wife Racing Rivals.

It is not often that you find husband and wife entering horses to run against each other in the same big race. But in to-day's Grand National Lady Bullough's Denis Auburn has a chance—and not a hopeless chance, either—of winning, while her husband, Sir George Bullough, has two horses running, *Ilston* and *Distaff*.



Lady Bullough.

their time there, for on the estate there is some fine deer stalking.

Miss Lily Elsie's Brother-in-Law.

They are both extremely fond of yachting, and during the South African War, you may remember, Sir George took his boat, the *Rhionia*, out to Capetown as a hospital ship, and did some splendid work. Miss Lily Elsie, who is Mrs. Ian Bullough, is Sir George's sister-in-law.

Miss Marie Corelli on the War.

I had a talk with the Editor of the *Sunday Pictorial* yesterday, and he showed me two of the special articles he is using in his No. 3, on Sunday. One of them was Miss Marie Corelli's really remarkable article, "A Woman's View of the War." It is certainly one of the most brilliant articles I have read.

Mr. Barry Pain's Humour.

Then there is Mr. Barry Pain's typical article on "Our Village in War Time." You will like that. And Mr. Bottomley's article is as vivid as ever. So is Mr. Austin Harrison's "Britain Under German Rule," which will give you furiously to think.

Sport by Experts.

In addition to this brilliant array of special features, Mr. Dick Burge is writing upon Monday's big boxing contest.

Something for Everybody.

No. 3 of the *Sunday Pictorial* will contain something for everybody. No. 1 was fine, No. 2 was better, next Sunday's issue will be better still.

Why the "Sunday Pictorial" is So Popular.

The children like it because there is a special children's page; the women like it because of the special woman's features; the men like it because of the crisp, well-written news and special articles on matters of general interest and the sport; and everybody likes it because of the interesting pictures with which it is full. And because everybody likes it, it gets sold out almost at once; so you had better order your copy now and make sure.

Miss Marie Corelli's Song.

To-morrow afternoon Miss Marie Corelli's naval patriotic song, "We Sweep the Deep," will be sung at the Albert Hall with full band and chorus, conducted by Sir Frederic Cowen. Sir Frederic has composed the musical setting to Miss Corelli's words.

Admiral Jellicoe's Lead.

I hear on very good authority that "We Sweep the Deep" is likely to become a sort of national song with the Navy. Admiral Jellicoe has accepted copies, and is as "taken" with Miss Corelli's words as he is with the music. There should be a great gathering at the Albert Hall to-morrow afternoon.

Our "Tommy's" and the Big Box.

I have just had a letter from a friend at the front who mourns that he cannot get leave to see the big boxing match of the year between Bombardier Wells and Frank Moran at the London Opera House on Monday night. He says our soldiers are waging "quite heavily" on the contest.

French and English Excitement.

Those French soldiers who saw Moran put up his remarkable battle against Jack Johnson are certain that the big American will be victorious. The English, however, will not hear of defeat for the Bombardier. Don't be surprised if you see quite a number of French officers at the Opera House on Monday evening.

Perils of Politeness.

I have just had an interesting letter from a Belgian correspondent showing that it is rather difficult to be polite to Huns. At any rate, it is apt to be very dangerous. A woman living in Brussels last week succeeded with great difficulty in obtaining a passport for Holland, where she has a son dangerously ill. So pleased was she at getting the passport that she said to the officer who gave it her, "I thank you," which she thought was the German for "Thanks."

"You Are English."

Being a true Hun, the officer was suspicious. He knew that the word "you" was English, and that was quite enough for him. "You are English," he cried excitedly, and wrenched the passport out of the woman's hands. In vain the woman protested, but the officer was firm. "You can't deceive me. I know English when I hear it, and I am giving nothing to any English person."

Still Advertising.

Scores of home-on-leave soldiers have told us of the queer impression it gives "out there" to see motor-omnibuses near the firing line still displaying London theatre advertisements. But I learnt yesterday that these advertisements really do advertise.

Liked the Name.

An officer looked in at the Queen's Theatre early this week to see "Potash and Perlmutter" on the strength of an advertisement he had seen—for the first time—on a motor-omnibus in France a few weeks back. He had gone straight to the front from New Zealand, and he said he liked the title, so when he came to London on leave he went to see the play first of all.

Mrs. Farron Soutar.

Miss Maud Hobson is to take the place of Miss Madeline Seymour in "Potash" on Saturday. Miss Hobson is the wife of Mr. Farron.



Miss Maud Hobson.

Soutar, and she has previously played the part—that of Ruth Goldman—when Miss Seymour was ill.

More Fame for the Willies.

I looked in at the Empire the other night and was much amused by the dexterity of Ciselatus, the Scissor King. Ciselatus cuts out silhouettes of all sorts of people to amuse his



Ciselatus' "Willies" in silhouette.

audiences, and he has done these two portraits of the famous Willies for me. So I must show them to you. I like particularly the "Am I an eagle?" on Big Willie's shiny helmet.

Bayonet for Brassie.

Not a few famous golfers have exchanged the brassie for the bayonet, and now I see that among the latest entrants for the "Continental Championship" are two members of a remarkable golfing family—the Hon. Michael and the Hon. Denis Scott, sons of the Earl of Eldon, and brothers of that unique player the Hon. Osmund Scott.



Mr. Osmund Scott.

An Unusual Faculty.

The Hon. O. Scott has the very unusual faculty of being able to mimic to perfection the style of any golfer. Possessed of an exceptionally beautiful style of his own, he is popularly supposed to have acquired it by copying all the best points of famous players.

"Arctic Exploration" Gloves.

He is also the only front-rank golfer who wears thick gloves when playing—gloves which suggest Arctic exploration rather than a golf match. Many people consider that these were largely the cause of his defeat in that memorable championship of 1905, when A. G. Barry, still a veritable boy, sprang into the limelight, for Scott's gloved hands seemed incapable of getting a proper grip on his clubs.

A New "Colonel Eggery."

The Hon. Michael Scott, I see, is going to drive a motor-car and help Lord Robert Cecil's work for the wounded. His brother Denis, who served in South Africa, has lately been playing several "rounds" at Bisley with a bull in the rôle of "Colonel Eggery."

Told at the Clubs.

I'm not going to vouch for it, but this is the story as they are telling it at the clubs. There was a German walking along Whitehall last week when he met another German, an old friend. "And where are you going?" asked the friend. The first Teuton replied cheerfully that he had applied for naturalisation papers and was at that moment bound for the Foreign Office to see about it. The friend offered to accompany him and see if he got through all right.

"Out of My Way."

Arrived at the Foreign Office, German number one went inside. Number two waited on the pavement. Presently number one reappeared. The waiting Teuton went forward to meet him. "How did you get on?" he asked. "Out of my way, you wretched German!" was the haughty reply.

Carrying On.

By the way, Mr. C. W. O'Connor, who in peace times is the Press representative of the Queen's Theatre, is away on active service now. He is Lieutenant O'Connor of the Bedfordshires. But he has left an able deputy in his place. Mrs. O'Connor, his wife, is carrying on his work for him. THE RAMBLER.

GIRLS! GIRLS! TRY IT, BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR.

Make it thick, glossy, wavy, luxuriant and remove all dandruff.

Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant, and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after a "Dandierine hair cleanse." Just try this—moisten a cloth with a little Dandierine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt and excessive oil, and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair.

Besides beautifying the hair at once, Dandierine dissolves every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, stopping itching and falling hair.

But what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you will actually see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair and lots of it, surely get a little bottle of Dandierine's Dandierine from any chemist, and just try it.—(Advt.)

A DISCOVERY.

Within the last few months, in fact since war was declared, cheese has been discovered.

Of course everybody knows that many varieties of cheese exist; large quantities are consumed every year. Nevertheless, cheese has only recently been discovered by the majority as a staple food; it has never been sufficiently appreciated as such.

The present high cost of living makes it imperative to buy food which gives the maximum amount of bodily nourishment for the lower cost. Food experts strongly urge a larger consumption of cheese, simply because it answers most effectively to the need of economy plus food-value—one pound of cheese is equal in food value to three pounds of beef.

Cheese contains the most valuable elements for building up the body as well as providing it with the necessary heat. It is also an important brain food.

Most people naturally look upon meat, fish and eggs as strengthening, nourishing foods—they are, but any food expert, or your own doctor, will tell you that the comparative analyses of these three articles with cheese prove the latter to be the superior.

Eat more cheese is therefore sane advice for all.

If you wish for a cheese that is easily digested, dainty in appearance and delicious to taste, eat St. Ivel Lactic Cheese, which is an entirely British production, made only at Yeovil, Somerset.

There is an enormous demand for this popular cheese, which not only contains the nourishing qualities to be found in other cheese, but is largely consumed to obtain the benefit of the lactic cultures which are introduced into its composition.

These cultures destroy harmful poisons which other foods set up in the system.

The price of St. Ivel Lactic Cheese has not been increased since the outbreak of war, as in the case of most cheese. Supplies can be obtained from leading grocers and dairymen throughout the country at 6d. a packet.—(Advt.)

ECONOMY IN DRESS.

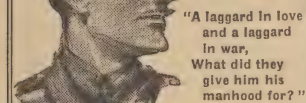
It is the economical woman who realises how much may be saved by making up her own and her children's clothes at home, and it is estimated that since the commencement of the war thousands of housewives have reverted to this good, old-fashioned, housewifely idea, thus cutting down the fashionable outlay by about two-thirds. Now that spring is at the door, fashions are undergoing radical changes which threaten to cause as much additional expense in the way of material, etc., so it is more than ever needful to call in the aid of the young aspirant dressmaker in the use of the needle, whatever talent one may have in the use of the needle, and it holds equally good to-day. The pattern is the important part.

The best patterns now on the market are Madame Maude's correct Paris models. This famous French dressmaker, with many years' experience behind her, which she places at the disposal of her customers, has prepared an illustrated list, including such useful home styles as skirts and blouses, children's outfits, underclothes, etc. Arrangements are being made for exhibition of the same with all local newspapers throughout the kingdom. The illustrated list can also be obtained direct from the publishers, 6 and 7, St. Dunstons-street, E.C., for penny stamp. The price of these wonderful patterns is not so attractive as their splendid cut and their stamp of Parisian smartness—for they are only 1d. and 2d. each. This includes a printed explanation of the making, and diagrams to illustrate the cutting, of each garment. Readers should make sure, when buying patterns from their newsagent to get the genuine Madame Maude correct Paris models, and refuse all imitations.—(Advt.)

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour.

By RUBY M. AYRES.



"A laggard in love and a laggard in war, What did they give him his manhood for?"

New Readers Begin Here.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.
RICHARD CHATTERTON, an easy-going young fellow who has allowed himself to become slack.
SONIA MARKHAM, a charming girl who abominates cowardice in any form.
LADY MERRIAM, a good-natured soul, who manages introductions into society.
FRANCIS MONTAGUE, Chatterton's rival for Sonia. He limps through an accident.

RICHARD CHATTERTON is doing in his club-room. He is not really a slacker at heart, but he badly wants rousing out of himself. Just lately his lazy serenity has been ruffled by one or two little disturbing incidents. One of them in particular is concerned with the charming girl he is engaged to—Sonia Markham. His reflections are interrupted by the sound of voices. From where he sits low down in an armchair, Richard Chatterton cannot be seen. He recognises the voices of old Jardine and Montague. "Why doesn't Dick Chatterton go to the front?" old Jardine is saying.

"Richard's a shaker and always will be," replies Montague. "He's not likely to rough it in the trenches when he's got an armchair at home and an heiress with £20,000 a year waiting to marry him. . . . He doesn't care two straws about her—it's only the money he's after. . . ." After a few more words they go out.

Richard Chatterton is staggered. Did they think he was afraid to go out? He is shaken with a variety of emotions. Finally he goes off to Lady Merriam's, with whom Sonia is staying.

Sonia's pretty eye look at him in a curious way. The only question she asks is for the latest news of the war. She says happiness with which she used to greet him has gone. For the first time Richard wonders if she, too, believes that he is making her or her money. There is a little ice between them.

Ruffled and very angry, Richard leaves the house. He thinks of Montague; he will have it out with him. But Montague is not in, and Richard sits down to wait.

While he is waiting he overhears a message on the telephone from Sonia to Montague. She tells him that she is finished with Chatterton, and that she will marry him.

Richard is staggered, but when he goes to Sonia sick at heart and realising what he is losing, Sonia, believing Montague's insinuations about him, breaks off her engagement with him.

Richard Chatterton disappears from the circle of his friends, but old Jardine finds him. To his delight, Richard is dressed in his active service and that he is off to the front as soon as possible. Old Jardine is made to give his word that he will say nothing. Sonia becomes engaged to Montague.

Indiscreetly old Jardine lets out to Lady Merriam that Richard has been sent to the front. Sonia sees a pretty nurse and a man all muffled up in a taxi cab. The man turns his head and looks at her—Sonia's Richard.

Sonia pretends to take no notice, but she is very much upset. Old Jardine finds Chatterton in a private hospital. He is not badly hurt, but he is going out again as soon as possible.

Montague and Chatterton with the pretty nurse walking in the park, and he at once tells her, tells Montague that she will marry him when he likes.

Courtenay, a young friend of Chatterton's, decides to tell Sonia the truth about his affairs. He tells her that Chatterton is deliberately lying about Chatterton, and says that he is only molly-coddling a cold. "That's a lie," says young Courtenay. "Chatterton was invalided home from the front, and you know it."

SONIA HEARS THE TRUTH.

A MOMENT of dramatic silence followed young Courtenay's impulsive words; all eyes were centred on the boy's hot, furious face.

Old Jardine had half risen to his feet; Lady Merriam had dropped her winged glass and the wine was trickling on the cloth, but she was too excited to notice or care.

Montague, momentarily sobered by the shock of what he had inadvertently brought upon himself, was trying to laugh it off.

He laid a hand on Sonia's shoulder, but she shivered away from him; she turned her eyes to old Jardine's face.

Is it—true? she asked.

The old man answered almost testily.

"Of course, it is . . . of course, it is . . . he got a shrapnel wound in the shoulder, but he's nearly well again now . . ." He turned to Courtenay angrily. "It's a pity you can't keep your temper under better control, young man."

Secretly he was delighted that the secret was out at last, but he did not care for the manner of its revelation. He was sorry the lady Merriam because her little dinner had been such a failure, and in spite of himself he was sorry for Montague.

Lady Merriam rushed into the breach. "Although you don't know that dear Richard had enlisted," she said sweetly. "He has been walking about London in khaki for some time. . . . You knew Francis, surely?" she appealed to Montague.

He began to bluster some reply.

"I thought everyone knew . . . I—er. . ." His eyes fell before Sonia's clear gaze.

Young Courtenay sat down again. He was very red in the face still beneath old Jardine's rebuke, but there was an air of delighted victory about him. He felt that he had got one back against this man who had cut Richard out, and that it had been worth everything.

The dinner came to a rapid end; it was Sonia who deliberately changed the conversation; she was by far the most composed of them all; only when it was ended, and Courtenay rose to open the door for the ladies, she looked up at him with a little quivering smile. He caught at her hand with boyish impulse.

"Sonia . . . I'm—I'm frightfully sorry. . . ." The words were almost a whisper, but she heard them; she returned the pressure of his fingers.

"Use all right," she said.

There was a small drawing-room leading from the private room where they had dined. As soon as the dividing doors had closed between them the little newly-wed wife burst out tactlessly at her.

"How perfectly lovely about Mr. Chatterton having enlisted! I had no idea, had you, Sonia? We all thought he was rather inclined to show the white feather."

Lady Merriam sat down heavily on a spindle-legged chair.

"The world is full of fools," she remarked rather vaguely.

She felt as if she were moving in a dream, as if the whole evening had never really happened save in her own imaginings.

His Newly-wed came to where she knelt. She did not quite understand the situation, but she was vaguely conscious that there was something behind it all—something from which she was being excluded.

"So you're really to be married," she said with a little giggle. "I am so glad . . . you know I used to be a little bit in love with Francis myself at one time; he is such a handsome man, isn't he?"

Sonia looked up at her. There was a sort of far-away expression in her eyes; she seemed to drag herself back from a great distance before she answered.

"Did you . . . oh, yes. . . ."

She hardly knew what she was saying. Lady Merriam came to her rescue by asking for some music. Mrs. Newly-wed had no more voice than a sparrow, but she believed she had. She loved warbling love-songs with one eye on Mr. Newly-wed. She rose with alacrity and went over to the piano.

She had struggled through a couple of stupid songs about periwinkles and broken hearts before the men joined them.

Montague went at once to Sonia. His face was pale and anxious; he had endured tortures during the last fifteen minutes. Everybody had tried to avoid speaking to him—or was it his imagination? He bent over Sonia agitatedly. . . .

"Are you angry with me? . . . if you only knew how sorry I am. I don't know what drove me to do such a fool of myself. . . ."

She answered him gravely—even with a little smile.

"I am not angry. Why should I be?"

He felt as if an enormous load had been lifted from his shoulders. He sat down beside her with a sigh of relief.

Young Courtenay was standing with his back to the fireplace, staring straight before him beneath fiercely frowning brows. Lady Merriam looked at her foot gently with her pointed slipper.

"For goodness sake, sit down; you look like an avenging angel or something. . . ." She spoke in an undertone; when he obediently took the chair next to her, she went on.

"You quite spoil my little dinner-party, but I'll forgive you; I even think I rather love you for it. . . . Sonia had no idea, you know."

He felt no answer; he sat there self-conscious and rather unhappy. In spite of old Jardine's efforts the evening dragged horribly; Lady Merriam gave a sigh of relief when the Newly-weds rose to go.

"My word really!—so sorry! . . ."

But she was smiling broadly when she came back to where old Jardine stood.

What am I to do? Go, or stay? he asked. He looked across the room to where Sonia sat at the piano, with Montague at her side.

"Oh stay," said her ladyship promptly. "At least stay till Francis goes. . . ."

Sonia was playing a Chopin sonata; conversation was quite possible under cover of the music.

"What do you suppose she'll do? I old Jardine asked. "She took it very quietly, I thought. I wish I knew what is at the back of her mind; there's something more than happy guest."

She may tell me, when you and Francis have gone. . . .

But Sonia made no confidence; asked no questions; she kissed Lady Merriam good-night and went to her own room as soon as the men had left; she sat down by the fire and leaned her face in her hands.

It seemed so strange; and yet somehow it hardly mattered.

She was to marry another man, and he . . . she thought of the pretty nurse with whom she had seen him in Regent-street, with whom Montague had seen him in the park.

No doubt she had nursed him—no doubt it was due to her care and skill that he was now "nearly well," as old Jardine had said.

No doubt in the end he would marry her; a nurse so often marries a patient. . . . she thought of it dully, and without real emotion.

It seemed to matter so little, so surprisingly little.

She did not understand that as yet her heart and brain were dulled with shock, and the bitter jealousy that had come to her and stayed with her since that morning her eyes had met Chatterton's in Regent-street.

No doubt he had been in uniform then, only she had not seen it; she wished she had seen it; she wished she had seen him—just once! . . .

She began to cry softly; she felt somehow like a child that has been unfairly cheated out of some pleasure.

Richard had belonged to her first; it was not fair that now—when he had done the thing she had always craved for him to do—she was to have no share in his pride now; that he cared nothing for her approval; that probably he only remembered her as pettish and unkind.

Why had they told her that he had gone to America? Why had they all deceived her if they knew so much better? Had it been his wish? Had he been afraid that she would want him back again if he knew? He no longer cared for her, or he would not have sent back her poor letters and photographs. Her cheeks flamed as she remembered that afternoon and the way she had piled them all on the fire and watched them burn. . . .

LATER she fell asleep in the big chair, where she sat without undressing, and sleeping she dreamed about Richard Chatterton—dreamt that she saw him lying helpless and wounded somewhere; dreamt that she tried to get to him—tried to call to him, but her mouth was dry and there was always something that held her back—something that gripped her arms, and from which she could not break free. . . .

"Sonia . . . Sonia . . ." surely that was his voice calling to her. She struggled again—fiercely . . . and then she woke; woke to find Lady Merriam bending over her—calling her.

"Heavens! what a fright you've given us!" her ladyship exclaimed almost tearfully. "I thought you were dead until you began to struggle . . . were you dreaming?"

Sonia sat up; her face was damp with perspiration and she was trembling.

"Oh, I had a horrible dream!" she said, shivering, and then stopped. How could she tell Lady Merriam that she had been dreaming of Richard Chatterton?

She tried to laugh it off. She rose to her feet and looked at her ladyship about her head, and she was cold in her thin evening frock.

Sunshine filled the room. She caught a glimpse of her own white reflection in the mirror opposite.

Richard must have fallen asleep in the chair—how silly. . . .

She was awake now, and the first fear of what she had dreamed was slipping away.

Chatterton was in London and alive and well; it was just a too vivid imagination that had prompted her dream.

But its memory clung to her all the morning; try as she would she could not quite forget it; she looked to ask Lady Merriam about Edward, but pride kept her back; she spent a wretched morning; when lunch was over she made some excuse, put on her hat and went out.

She had said Montague would come again till the evening; she had wanted just one day to herself.

She had hardly gone a dozen steps from the hotel when she met old Jardine; he was going to the office, he told her, but he seemed ill at ease and anxious to get away from her.

Impulse drove her to speak of last night.

"Why didn't you tell me that Mr. Chatterton had enlisted?" she said, then stopped, and went to America. . . . She tried to speak unconcernedly.

Old Jardine got red in the face.

"It was Chatterton's own wish; he forbade me to tell you. It was only by the merest chance I discovered what he did it all so modestly; he's only a private, you know . . . none of your tin-pot commissions for him. . . ."

"You might have told me; I should have been interested," she said.

She looked away from him as she spoke, though her voice was quite calm.

Old Jardine rubbed his chin. He was at a loss what to say next. Sonia made a little move to go, but he stopped her.

"It's very absurd of everyone to think that his name must not be mentioned in front of me," she said with a little high-pitched laugh.

"It makes it very awkward," Old Jardine felt wretched. There was something painful to him in this girl's apparent callousness when he remembered the expression of Chatterton's eyes

(Continued on page 13.)

MOTHER, THE CHILD IS BILIOUS!
 Don't Hesitate! A Laxative is Necessary if Tongue is Coated, Bristly Bad, or Stomach out of Order.
 Give "California Syrup of Figs" at once—a teaspoonful two or three times a day will move the bowels and give the child a healthy, playful child again.

If your little one is out of sorts, isn't resting, eating and acting natterly—look, Mother! See if its tongue is coated. This is a sure sign that its little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with bile and undigested food. When crosed, irritable, feverish, with fainter breath and perhaps stomach-ache or diarrhea, when the child has a sore throat or a chill, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the poisonous, constipating undigested food and bile will gently move out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a healthy, playful child again.

Mother can rest easy after giving this harmless "fruit laxative," because it never fails to cleanse the little one's liver and bowels and cleanse the stomach, and they dearly love its pleasant taste. Full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups printed on each bottle.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Of all leading chemists, 1s. 14d. and 1s. 9d. per bottle. Avoid substitutes. (Adv't.)

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 Reproduction of BADGES
 Of His Majesty's Forces
 MOUNTED AS BADGES.
 About 150 Regiments in Stock.

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 Gilt or Silver 2/-
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ALL ILLUSTRATIONS ARE ACTUAL SIZE.

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Dickins & Jones, Ltd.
 Regent Street, London, W.

PERSONAL.

WILL dear write to me!—Maryst Edie 52. YOU, and you only, all life-long—Monk Jig. E.C.R.M.—Return at once, call forgotten. Wre Diddy. MABEL Spending Easter Sunday, I.W. Traders' Association send beautiful guide free—Hemry. SUE MARE—Would it interest you to exchange ideas by correspondence? Reply here, with address. GIVE him a "Cigarette" combined cigarette, banknote, photograph, or ticket—case, 3s. post free—Noakes, 165, Fenchurch-st., London.

TO Soldiers at the Front—Have you a dog or other pet which you care for and perhaps ultimately send home for you? The R.S.P.C.A. will do this for you (including quarantine, expenses in England) free of charge. Send your animal to Mons. Fontaine, 35, Rue des Vieilles, Boulevard-sur-Mer, asking him to place it in the Dogs' Refuge, and write to the Secretary, R.S.P.C.A., 105, Jermyn-st., London, S.W.

ILLERS permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only—Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st. W.

*The above advertisements are charged at the rate of 6d. per word (minimum 8 words). Send advertisements to Personal Column, 62, Fleet-st. (minimum 8 words). Address Advertisement Manager, "Daily Mirror," 23-29, Abchurch-lane, London E.

DRESS.
 A BABY'S Long Gown Set: 50 pieces, 21s. The "Max" Layette, extremely beautiful; materials soft, durable and good; sewing machine; commendation everywhere; instant approval—Mrs. Max, The Chase, Nottingham.

YOUNG men—Apply for full particulars. A etc.; 25s. easy payments—Wood, 21, Queen's-gate, Leeds. YOUNG men—Apply for full particulars. A etc.; 25s. easy payments—Wood, 21, Queen's-gate, Leeds.

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THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

Mr. Neil Primrose's House.

I was passing through Great Stanhope-street, that wide but short thoroughfare leading from Chesterfield House to Hyde Park, yesterday, and I saw that Mr. Neil Primrose is having his house, No. 5, renovated in preparation for his marriage early in April to Lady Victoria Stanley.

A Welcome Legacy.

This house, together with a considerable fortune, he inherited from his great-aunt, Miss Lucy Cohen. For a younger son Mr. Neil Primrose is exceedingly well off.

Major Lord Louth.

Among the officers training with the Westminster Dragoons at Hanworth Park, Middlesex, I hear, is Lord Louth, now a major in that regiment. But this is not his first experience of soldiering. He used to be a subaltern in the old Wiltshire Militia in his younger days.

Born Afloat.

He was born forty-six years ago on board his father's yacht *Pilgrim*, hence one of his Christian names—*Pilgrim*—and lost his mother a month later. He is one of the forty-odd Catholic peers, but has no seat in the Lords.

Husband and Wife Racing Rivals.

It is not often that you find husband and wife entering horses to run against each other in the same big race. But in to-day's Grand National Lady Bullough's *Denis Auburn* has a chance—and not a hopeless chance, either—of winning, while her husband, Sir George Bullough, has two horses running, *Ilston* and *Distaff*.



Lady Bullough.

their time there, for on the estate there is some fine deer stalking.

Miss Lily Elsie's Brother-in-Law.

They are both extremely fond of yachting, and during the South African War, you may remember, Sir George took his boat the *Rhounia*, out to Capetown as a hospital ship, and did some splendid work. Miss Lily Elsie, who is Mrs. Ian Bullough, is Sir George's sister-in-law.

Miss Marie Corelli on the War.

I had a talk with the Editor of the *Sunday Pictorial* yesterday, and he showed me two of the special articles he is using in his No. 3 on Sunday. One of them was Miss Marie Corelli's really remarkable article, "A Woman's View of the War." It is certainly one of the most brilliant articles I have read.

Mr. Barry Pain's Humour.

Then there is Mr. Barry Pain's typical article on "Our Village in War Time." You will like that. And Mr. Bottomley's article is as vivid as ever. So is Mr. Austin Harrison's "Britain Under German Rule," which will give you furiously to think.

Sport by Experts.

In addition to this brilliant array of special features, Mr. Dick Burge is writing upon Monday's big boxing contest.

Something for Everybody.

No. 3 of the *Sunday Pictorial* will contain something for everybody. No. 1 was fine, No. 2 was better, next Sunday's issue will be better still.

Why the "Sunday Pictorial" is So Popular.

The children like it because there is a special children's page; the women like it because of the special woman's features; the men like it because of the crisp, well-written news and special articles on matters of general interest and the sport; and everybody likes it because of the interesting pictures with which it is full. And because everybody likes it, it gets sold out almost at once; so you had better order your copy now and make sure.

Miss Marie Corelli's Song.

To-morrow afternoon Miss Marie Corelli's naval patriotic song, "We Sweep the Deep," will be sung at the Albert Hall with full band and chorus, conducted by Sir Frederic Cowen. Sir Frederic has composed the musical setting to Miss Corelli's words.

Admiral Jellicoe's Lead.

I hear on very good authority that "We Sweep the Deep" is likely to become a sort of national song with the Navy. Admiral Jellicoe has accepted copies, and is as "taken" with Miss Corelli's words as he is with the music. There should be a great gathering at the Albert Hall to-morrow afternoon.

Our "Tommys" and the Big Box.

I have just had a letter from a friend at the front who mourns that he cannot get leave to see the big boxing match of the year between Bombardier Wells and Frank Moran at the London Opera House on Monday night. He says our soldiers are waging "quite heavily" on the contest.

French and English Excitement.

Those French soldiers who saw Moran put up his remarkable battle against Jack Johnson are certain that the big American will be victorious. The English, however, will not hear of defeat for the Bombardier. Don't be surprised if you see quite a number of French officers at the Opera House on Monday evening.

Perils of Politeness.

I have just had an interesting letter from a Belgian correspondent showing that it is rather difficult to be polite to Huns. At any rate, it is apt to be very dangerous. A woman living in Brussels last week succeeded with great difficulty in obtaining a passport for Holland, where she has a son dangerously ill. So pleased was she at getting the passport that she said to the officer who gave it her, "Hy dank you," which she thought was the German for "Thanks."

"You Are English."

Being a true Hun, the officer was suspicious. He knew that the word "you" was English, and that was quite enough for him. "You are English," he cried excitedly, and wrenched the passport out of the woman's hands. In vain the woman protested, but the officer was firm. "You can't deceive me. I know English when I hear it, and I am giving nothing to any English person."

Still Advertising.

Scores of home-on-leave soldiers have told us of the queer impression it gives "out there" to see motor-omnibuses near the firing line still displaying London theatre advertisements. But I learnt yesterday that these advertisements really do advertise.

Liked the Name.

An officer looked in at the Queen's Theatre early this week to see "Potash and Pearl-mutter" on the strength of an advertisement he had seen—for the first time—on a motor-omnibus in France a few weeks back. He had gone straight to the front from New Zealand, and he said he liked the title, so when he came to London on leave he went to see the play first of all.

Mrs. Farren Soutar.

Miss Maud Hobson is to take the place of Miss Madeline Seymour in "Potash" on Saturday. Miss Hobson is the wife of Mr. Farren



Miss Maud Hobson.

Soutar, and she has previously played the part—that of Ruth Goldman—when Miss Seymour was ill.

More Fame for the Willies.

I looked in at the Empire the other night and was much amused by the dexterity of Ciselatus, the Scissor King. Ciselatus cuts out silhouettes of all sorts of people to amuse his



Ciselatus' "Willies" in silhouette.

audiences, and he has done these two portraits of the famous Willies for me. So I must show them to you. I like particularly the "Am I an eagle?" on Big Willie's shiny helmet.

Bayonet for Brassie.

Not a few famous golfers have exchanged the brassie for the bayonet, and now I see that among the latest entrants for the "Continental Championship" are two members of a remarkable golfing family—the Hon. Michael and the Hon. Denys Scott, sons of the Earl of Eldon, and brothers of that unique player the Hon. Osmond Scott.



Mr. Osmond Scott.

acquired it by copying all the best points of famous players.

"Arctic Exploration" Gloves.

He is also the only front-rank golfer who wears thick gloves when playing—gloves which suggest Arctic exploration rather than a golf match. Many people consider that these were largely the cause of his defeat in that memorable championship of 1905, when A. G. Barry, still a veritable boy, sprang into the limelight, for Scott's gloved hands seemed incapable of getting a proper grip on his clubs.

A New "Colonel Bogey."

The Hon. Michael Scott, I see, is going to drive a motor-car and help Lord Robert Cecil's work for the wounded. His brother Denys, who served in South Africa, has lately been playing several "rounds" at Bisley with a bull in the rôle of "Colonel Bogey."

Told at the Clubs.

I'm not going to vouch for it, but this is the story as they are telling it at the clubs. There was a German walking along Whitehall last week when he met another German, an old friend. "And where are you going?" asked the friend. The first Teuton replied cheerfully that he had applied for naturalisation papers and was at that moment bound for the Foreign Office to see about it. The friend offered to accompany him and see if he got through all right.

"Out of My Way."

Arrived at the Foreign Office, German number one went inside. Number two waited on the pavement. Presently number one reappeared. The waiting Teuton went forward to meet him. "How did you get on?" he asked. "Out of my way, you wretched German!" was the haughty reply.

Carrying On.

By the way, Mr. C. W. O'Connor, who in peace times is the Press representative of the Queen's Theatre, is away on active service now. He is Lieutenant O'Connor, of the Bedfordshires. But he has left an able deputy in his place. Mrs. O'Connor, his wife, is carrying on his work for him. THE RAMBLER.

GIRLS! GIRLS! TRY IT, BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR.

Make it thick, glossy, wavy, luxuriant and remove all dandruff.

Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant, and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after a "Danderine hair cleanse." Just try this—moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt and excessive oil, and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair.

Besides beautifying the hair at once, Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, stopping itching and falling hair.

But what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you will actually see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair and lots of it, surely get a 1s. 1½d. bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any chemist, and just try it.—(Adv.)

A DISCOVERY.

Within the last few months, in fact since war was declared, cheese has been discovered.

Of course everybody knows that many varieties of cheese exist; large quantities are consumed every year. Nevertheless, cheese has only recently been discovered by the majority as a staple food; it has never been sufficiently appreciated as such.

The present high cost of living makes it imperative to buy food which gives the maximum amount of bodily nourishment for the lower cost. Food experts strongly urge a larger consumption of cheese, simply because it answers most effectively to the need of economy plus food-value—one pound of cheese is equal in food value to three pounds of beef.

Cheese contains the most valuable elements for building up the body as well as providing it with the necessary heat. It is also an important brain food.

Most people naturally look upon meat, fish and eggs as strengthening, nourishing foods—they are, but any food expert, or your own doctor, will tell you that the comparative analyses of these three articles with cheese prove the latter to be the superior.

Eat more cheese is therefore sane advice for all.

If you wish for a cheese that is easily digested, dainty in appearance and delicious to taste, eat St. Ivel Lactic Cheese, which is an entirely British production, made only at Yeovil, Somerset.

There is an enormous demand for this popular cheese, which not only contains the nourishing qualities to be found in other cheese, but is largely consumed to obtain the benefit of the lactic cultures which are introduced into its composition.

These cultures destroy harmful poisons which other foods set up in the system.

The price of St. Ivel Lactic Cheese has not been increased since the outbreak of war, as in the case of most cheese. Supplies can be obtained from leading grocers and dairymen throughout the country at 6½d. a packet.—(Adv.)

ECONOMY IN DRESS.

It is the economical woman who realises how much may be saved by making up her own and her children's clothes at home. The fact is, that since the commencement of the war thousands of housewives have reverted to this good, old-fashioned, homely idea, thus cutting down the family wardrobe outlay by about two-thirds. Now that spring is at the door, fashions are undergoing radical changes which threaten to cause so much additional expense in the way of material, etc., it is more than ever needful to call in the aid of whatever talent one may have in the way of the needle, and to hold equally good to-day. The pattern is the important part.

The best patterns now on the market are Madame Maude's current *Fashions*. This famous French dressmaker, with many years' experience behind her, which she places in the most practical way at the disposal of our modern home-workers, has prepared an illustrated list, including such useful home styles as skirts and blouses, children's outfits, underclothing, etc. Arrangements are being made for exhibition of the same with all local newspapers throughout the kingdom. The illustrated list can also be obtained direct from the publishers, 6 and 7, St. Martin's street, E.C.4, for penny stamp. The price of these wonderful patterns is not less attractive than their splendid and clever designs. For instance, if you or they are only 1d. and 2d. each. This includes a printed explanation of the making, and diagrams to illustrate the cutting, each garment. Readers should make sure, when buying patterns from their newspaper to get the genuine Madame Maude, correct Paris models, and refuse all imitations.—(Adv.)

INDIGNANT BURGLAR.

Man Tells How He Was "Robbed" of Part of His "Profits."

"TREASURE HOUSE" RAID.

Another burglar gave evidence at West London yesterday when the hearing was resumed of the case in which the police raided a large house at Chiswick and seized a large number of plated articles, etc.

James Moss, furniture remover, of Little Sutton Court, Little Sutton-lane, Chiswick, was charged with receiving a quantity of stolen property. Elizabeth Moss, his wife, was charged with being concerned with her husband in the offence, and Martin Wilson, of Camden Town, was accused of receiving bronzes. The male prisoners were again remanded. Mrs. Moss was discharged.

Henry Howard, who said he was now in Wormwood Scrubs serving a term of imprisonment for housebreaking, said he was introduced by a man known as "Bristol Bob," who lived at Hammersmith, to Moss. "Moss asked 'Bristol Bob' who I was, and 'Bob' replied, 'He is all right. He is my pal.'"

Witness committed a robbery at Randolph-road, when the people were away from home. He was accompanied by Henry Williams, who was known as "Dodger," and the goods were removed in a portmanteau to Moss's place at Chiswick.

Witness asked Moss how much he was being paid for the silver, and Moss replied, "I am paying you 1s. 3d. per ounce, 12oz. to the pound. Moss told him that 15oz. avoirdupois equalled 12oz. troy. "He had the check to tell me that," added witness, "but I know there is 2oz. and 12dwts. difference, so that he was robbing me of 3s. 3d. on every pound of silver."

Mr. Fordham: Honour among thieves! Mrs. Julia Hamilton, wife of Lieutenant Cosmo Hamilton, Royal Naval Air Service, of Inverness-terrace, Paddington, spoke of a burglary being committed at her house on December 31. The room was in great disorder, but though there had been a party the night before the disorder was not caused by that.

Mr. Fordham: The disorder was not caused by oyster shells and broken bottles—No, no. The salt, pepper, and vinegar had been thrown all over the carpet and the silver had gone.

Detective-Inspector Sanders said that when charged, Mrs. Moss said: "I know nothing whatever of Mr. Moss's business; all that I know is his house affairs." Moss said: "My wife knows nothing whatever. My wife is so against me doing anything wrong." Later Mrs. Moss said: "I never had the slightest doubt of my husband's honour in any shape or form."

SCHOOL AS ARMY STOREHOUSE.



Buildings have been used during this war for purposes for which they were never intended. The picture shows a small school which is now the storehouse of a French regiment.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

(Continued from page 11.)

when her name was mentioned, the mighty effort with which he had wrenched his thoughts away from her.

"Well, well!" he said with an attempt to speak lightly. "It's all for the best, no doubt. He'll be going back to the front soon; that arm of his is nearly well..." he broke off awkwardly; there seemed nothing else to be said.

Sonia dismissed him with a little smile and a bow. She walked away with her head held high.

She believed she had convinced old Jardine that she cared nothing for Chatterton, and that was all that mattered. She could not tolerate the thought that anyone was sorry for her, that anyone believed she was unhappy.

She wished her wedding day were sooner that she might show them all how little she cared. She walked on unseeing.

Sonia crossed the road to the square where Nelson's Column stands proudly against the sky; a knot of men in khaki stood on the path talking and laughing together. She glanced at them and quickly turned away again; always now she would be afraid that every uniformed man she met might be Richard; she thought

she would die if she really came face to face with him. She hurried on.

She did not know where to go, or how to spend the afternoon; she only knew that she could not go back to Lady Merriam just yet; could not stand her kindness and sympathy.

A motor-omnibus had drawn up at the side of the road to let some passengers alight. She went towards it.

It was a fine afternoon; she would get on top and let it take her somewhere—anywhere—just to kill time; she went towards the step...

"Passengers of first, please," roared the conductor, barring her way. Sonia drew back nervously. Some people were coming down the steps from the top of the omnibus; a young girl with an ultra-smart hat and a pigtail; a boy with a bundle of papers under his arm...

... She watched them disinterestedly.

They were followed by a man in khaki. She could just see his legs and heavy service boots as he hesitated a moment on the steps to turn and assist someone behind him; someone—a girl in nurse's uniform; someone... Sonia caught her breath hard; her eyes flew to the man as he stepped on to the path beside her—so close that his khaki jacket brushed her arm; so close that she almost cried out as she saw his face, and recognised Richard Chatterton.

There will be another splendid instalment to-morrow.

£5,000 FOR SNAPSHOTS.

"The Daily Mirror's" Record Offer for Amateur Photographers.

PICTURES OF WAR INCIDENTS.

£5,000 for amateur photographers!

The offer made by *The Daily Mirror* of £1,000, £250 and £100 for the first, second and third most interesting photographs of a war happening has proved to be so attractive that we have set aside a further £3,650 for more war snapshots.

This additional sum will be paid out, week by week, as the photographs appear. There will be a large number of handsome payments for the best snapshots published each week. All photographs used will be well paid for.

£1,000 will be paid for the most interesting snapshot published by the Editor between now and July 31. £250 will be given for the second most interesting photograph and £100 for the third.

The additional £3,650 makes *The Daily Mirror's* offer the handsomest ever held out to amateur photographers.

Films will be developed free. Senders' names will not be disclosed. This offer does not apply to photographs received through picture agencies or from professional photographers.

The Editor's decision is final, and the copyright of photographs bought under this arrangement will be vested in *The Daily Mirror*.

Send all your war snapshots to *The Daily Mirror*, Boulevard-street, London, E.C.

BANDSMAN RICE WINS.

In a fifteen rounds contest at the West London Stadium last evening Bandsman Rice beat Ian Hague on points.

"Luvisea" is the newest material of British manufacture highly suitable for blouses and shirts, and certain of popularity during the coming season. It possesses the bright surface of silk—a rich "sheen" which washing does not destroy—and is made in a great variety of designs and dainty colourings, which, by the bye, are "fast-to-washing." The manufacturers—Messrs. Courtald—possess such a high reputation for the quality of their goods, that "Luvisea" is sure of a wide welcome in all circles.

'Mother says she wouldn't be without it!'

PERFECT MARGARINE

The splendid usefulness of Perfect Margarine makes it invaluable in every home. It's a wonderful money-saver, and is guaranteed pure, wholesome and nourishing.

DOUBLE **1/-** WEIGHT or 6d. per lb.

Delicious eating. Splendid for making Cakes and Pastry.

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"LEAP TO YOUTH" ALL BY YOURSELF.

London's Version of "Panther's Leap"—Makes You Slim.

GOOD TEMPER DODGE.

The latest dance is the "Leap to Youth" dance, which is London's version of the "Panther's Leap," now danced in New York. It is a dance you dance all by yourself, and merely means that you dance and pirouette in your own sweet way at home.

Dancing is said to be a splendid thing for keeping people good-tempered, and the "Leap to Youth" dance is prescribed for the plump person who wishes to win back youthfulness of figure.

DANCE FOR THE PLUMP.

Although cartoonists and caricaturists deride the fat man or woman as a dancer, it is none the less true that the plump person is often the lightest of dancers.

Therefore it is most feasible that if the fat woman took to leaping lessons she might "leap to youthfulness" again.

"If I were able I would get an Act of Parliament passed enacting that every girl should be taught ballet dancing," said the principal of a large school of dancing in the west of London.

GOOD FOR THE HEALTH.

"There is nothing better for the health, and the development and proplection of the figure. Moreover, it induces graceful deportment."

Ballet dancing has been known to prevent consumption.

"Dancing is a fine thing to keep people in a good temper," said a woman writer to *The Daily Mirror*.

"I think that the 'leap-to-youth' idea is splendid. It is not, of course, for public performance, but for dancing in one's own apartments."

"I have many times danced myself into a good temper all alone in my room."

"Some people think such a thing is a silly idea."

"I regret now that I often allow the strain of life to prevent me from keeping up my 'aid-to-good' temper practice."

TRIAL FOR WITCHCRAFT.

Negress Named Fanny Dismal Accused of Incantations and Mystical Motions.

One of the first trials for witchcraft in Nova Scotia, since Colonial days, when witchcraft was a very common and a severely punished offence, has just been reported.

The accused, says Reuter, was an aged coloured woman at Guysboro, a secluded town in an inaccessible district of Eastern Nova Scotia.

That such a trial should take place shows that there is still a considerable belief in witches and witchcraft among the more ignorant inhabitants of the neighbourhood.

Fanny Dismal, as the woman is called, was brought into court on the charge of practising witchcraft, and the evidence revealed that the woman was largely employed by sick persons to discover whether or not they were bewitched, and to cure disease by means of incantations and mystical motions.

NO BIDS, BUT A NICE TALK.

There was not a single bid for the site of the old Fyvie Music-hall, in the Strand, which was put up for sale yesterday.

The site, the auctioneer said, was part of the site of old Burham House, where Henry VIII. held a great jousting tournament at the time of his marriage with Anne of Cleves.

It was also there, he believed, that a Royal Mint was established, and so it had great financial possibilities buried under its soil.

He had been told that it was on that site that the many young men of former days learned to drink lager beer, and it was from under the arches that many of the sensational writers of London drew their pictures of mid-Victorian life.

He mentioned that two offers had already been refused at £100,000, for the site was honestly worth £180,000.

But there were no bids.

RULES FOR CAPTIVES' LETTERS.

A copy of an order issued from the German War Office with reference to the correspondence of prisoners of war in Germany has been received by the British War Office through the International Red Cross Committee at Geneva.

A uniform rule is laid down for all camps, and the following are the chief rules imposed:

Prisoners allowed to write two letters a month. One postcard a week is allowed in addition. Exceptions permitted in the case of family affairs or urgent private business.

Correspondence between prisoners in different camps in Germany is not permitted.

It is also ordered that care should be taken that prisoners, on their first arrival at a camp, communicate at once by postcard with their relatives. Camp authorities are instructed to provide sufficient staff to enable the censorship of letters to be done without unreasonable delay.

THE £5,000 MATINEE AT THE COLISEUM.



Miss Edna May sang "Follow On," from "The Belle of New York."



Miss Elsie Janis gave impersonations.



Mile. Adeline Gené danced daintily.



Mme. Rejane appeared in "The Bet."



Miss Violet Vanbrugh was in a sketch.

The Queen was present at the Coliseum matinee yesterday. A wonderful programme was carried through, which, it is estimated, would have cost £5,000 if the artists had received cheques instead of letters of thanks.—(Elliot and Fry, Lafayette and Doverstreet Studios.)

CHILDREN FACE DEATH FOR FRANCE.

Little Lise and Jean Aid Mother in Saving Hidden Soldiers.

BRAVED PRUSSIAN SABRES

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, March 25.—A French workman serving on the eastern frontier sent the following touching letter to his two little children at home at Neuilly-sur-Marne:—

"My dear little Marcelle,—I want to tell you how two little ones saved the lives of twenty-eight papas."

"In a lonely farm a detachment of thirty men was resting, concealed for the night in a cellar. In the kitchen two little children, Lise and Jean, were seated with their mother by the fire. Suddenly cavalry approached."

"My children," said the mother, "the Prussians are coming. They will see that we have sheltered French soldiers, and they will surely want to make us say where they are. They will take them and shoot them. If we tell them a falsehood they will revenge themselves upon us. Listen: I'll speak nothing but patois to the Prussians. They will not understand a word. You must do like me, and whatever they ask you reply by the same phrase in patois."

"A moment later the Germans entered. They questioned the woman, but her replies were incomprehensible. 'Try the two children,' said an officer, 'they must learn French at school.'"

"One of the soldiers seized the little Lise; another took hold of the petit Jean."

HIDDEN TRAP-DOOR.

"Where are the Frenchmen who passed this way?" they asked in rough, angry voices.

"Lise lifted her blue eyes towards the brutal soldier, and, trembling, replied in patois. Jean did the same. The soldiers, suspecting a ruse, searched the house, but did not discover the trap-door leading to the cellar, which was covered with dirty straw. Then they threatened the children with their sabres, and swore that they would kill their mother and themselves if they did not tell them the truth."

"The French soldiers in the cellar could hear what was going on. Had not their officer restrained them they would have let their concealment and fallen on the Germans. But that would have been fatal, for the enemy was much more numerous. Finally the Prussians left."

"And that is how Lise, eight years of age, and Jean, aged ten, by their obedience and courage, prevented thirty men from being killed, preserved the husbands of twenty-eight women and the fathers of forty-seven little children."

SOBS OF MAN LEFT BEHIND

Newfoundland Heroes' Triumphant March Before Embarking for the Front.

How deeply Newfoundland, Great Britain's oldest colony, has been stirred by the trumpet call to arms is brought to light by a most interesting message which reached *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

The best of Newfoundland's sons, writes our correspondent, have already joined the ranks, and the womenfolk at home are giving of their time and money to provide comforts for those who are fighting for the Empire.

Never has such a scene been witnessed in St. John's as on the day the first contingent, representing every class of the community, marched through the crowded streets of the city to board the steamship Florizel.

On their last Sunday in camp the troops, by special request of the patients, marched from church through the grounds of the General Hospital.

Among the patients was a volunteer who had contracted pneumonia and was not sufficiently recovered to go with his comrades. It was a bitter disappointment to him to see them go without him, and as they passed he was heard to sob.

Newfoundland is giving to the Empire sailors as well as soldiers.

A few days ago the third batch of men for the Navy went to England.

Most of them are weather-beaten fishermen who have all their lives been wrestling with the wind and waves, and in the hour of danger none will be found more fearless than they.

Altogether nearly 2,000 out of a total population of 250,000 have answered the call to arms.

REFUSAL TO LIVE WITH WIFE.

That her husband refused to live with her, although she had written asking him to do so, was stated in the Divorce Court, yesterday, by Mrs. Sylvia Fox Elliot, who was granted a decree of restitution of conjugal rights.

She said she married her husband, Mr. John Walton Fogg Elliot, in November 1889, and they lived near Morpeth. There were three children. In August 1898 he demanded a separation, and had since refused to live with her.

WOMAN SPY SHOT.

PARIS, March 25.—The *Journal* publishes the following telegram from Lunenburg:—

Marguerite Schmitt, thirty-one years of age, a native of Thionville, in the district of Toul, who was condemned to death by court-martial on Saturday for spying, was shot on Monday in the presence of troops drawn up under arms.

The woman had confessed that she had accepted £5 from a German agent for making her way through the French lines.—Reuter.

No. 3 OF THE "SUNDAY PICTORIAL"—ANOTHER AMAZING ISSUE

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CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

WOUNDED HEROES FROM NEUVE CHAPELLE COME HOME TO GET WELL AGAIN.



A number of British "Tommies" who were badly wounded in the fight for Neuve Chapelle have come home for treatment and rest, and this group is seen at a port on the South Coast. Though many of them were bandaged so as to be barely recognis-

able, they were all in good spirits. "Eye-Witness" pointed out what a bracing effect the victory had on our troops, and said that he never saw a more cheerful collection of wounded.

DISTRIBUTING THE TICHBORNE DOLE.



A 600-year-old custom, known as the Tichborne dole, was carried out when 570 villagers received a gift of flour. In the picture a priest is seen sprinkling it with holy water. Lady Tichborne is holding her baby.

THE WATCHED POT SOMETIMES BOILS.



Fighting makes men hungry, and "Tommy," who has a fine appetite, looks forward to his meals. Here is a scene in an outdoor kitchen. The men are anxiously waiting for the pots to boil.

"FRIGHTFULNESS" THAT WASN'T FRIGHTFUL: BOMB DROPS WITHOUT EXPLODING.



Bomb dropped from a German aircraft at Dunkirk. It fell on a refuse heap, but failed to explode, and the inhabitants have one more war souvenir.